JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 14, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LX.
1587.

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JOHN BULL

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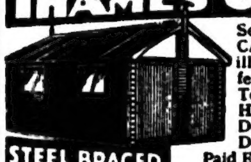

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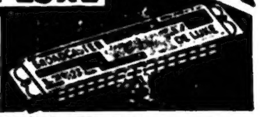

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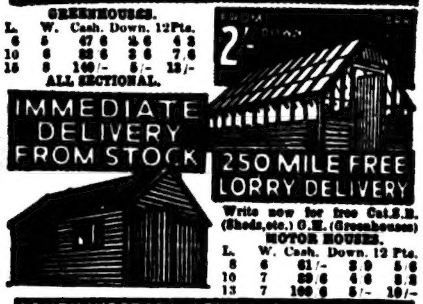

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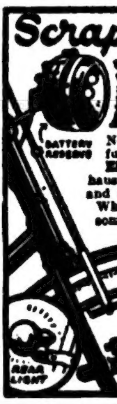

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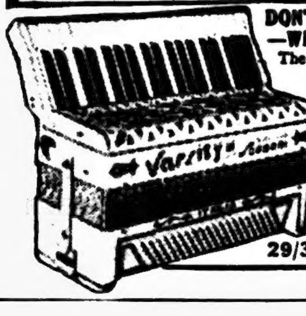

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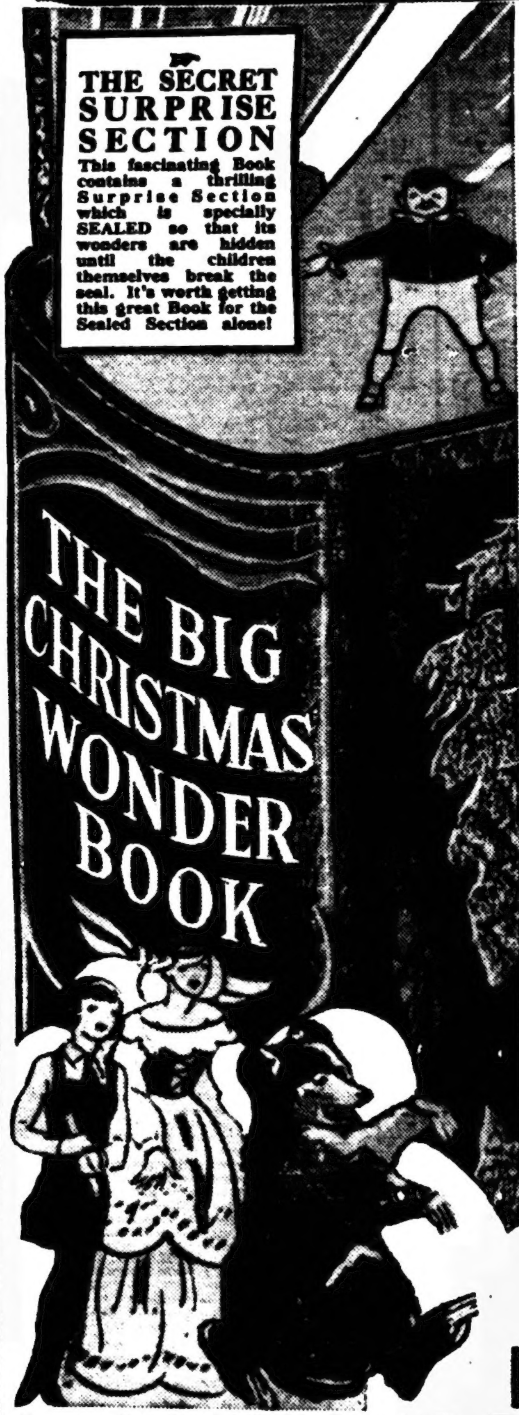
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THE BIG CHRISTMAS WONDER BOOK

"THE BIG CHRISTMAS WONDER BOOK"

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The most fascinating Christmas Gift in the world for Boys and Girls—that is the unanimous verdict of "John Bull" readers. "The Big Christmas Wonder Book" is entirely new—more colour plates than ever—a sparkling treasury of golden stories that will keep every child rich in good reading, not only for 1937, but for many years to come. And here's a thrill—this Wonder Book has a SECRET SURPRISE SECTION under SEAL—something really EXCITING. What a shout of joy when the children get this Wonder Book on Christmas morning. You would gladly pay one guinea for this magnificent, gold embossed volume, yet it can be yours for the amazingly low price of 2/9 (plus 1/- which includes cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.).

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Famous writers have contributed to this book. Here are a few of their names:

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POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE!

LOOK!

Look at some of the contents of this Wonder Book.

OLD FAVOURITES

Hop o' My Thumb
The Fairy Cobbler
A Merry Christmas
Jack and the Beanstalk
Lorna Doone (abridged)
The Boyhood of David Copperfield (retold)

MODERN WONDER STORIES

The Convict and the Clerics
Pinocchio
The Toytown Treasure
The Treasure of St. Giles
What the Bees Heard
Cat's Trousers
The Royal Magician
Teddy Bear's Bee Tree
The Tortoise that Talked
How a Scullion Won Honour
The Rajah's Pearls
The Magic Shop
Christmas Pantomime

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

Thumbelina
The Bottle Neck
The Rose Elf
What the Moon Saw
The Fir Tree
The Girl Who Trod on the Loaf
The Shepherdess and the Sweep

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

The Blue Light
The Young Giant
The Elves
The Two King's Children
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ETC., ETC., ETC.

Do not separate these forms—CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

"THE BIG CHRISTMAS WONDER BOOK" RESERVATION FORM

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

The Label on the right will be used for sending to you your Privilege Voucher. You must fill in this Label with your name and full postal address in Block Letters and affix halfpenny stamp to space provided. The **Christmas Gift Token** on the left must also be sent in with this Reservation Form.

To: Dept. J.C.2, "JOHN BULL," 6-7, GT. EARL STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

I apply for "The Big Christmas Wonder Book," and enclose my Christmas Gift Token. Please reserve a volume in my name and send me an Official Privilege Voucher. I have indicated below Edition—Standard or De Luxe—I require.

X **You MUST cross out below Edition NOT required** X

STANDARD EDITION—DE LUXE EDITION

Write Clearly in BLOCK Letters

NAME..

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS..

DATE——————— ....

Post this Form, with Label and Token, in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp. The latest date for receipt of applications from this announcement is Tuesday, November 24.

"John Bull," 14/11/36

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU

NAME ....
(In Block Letters)

Full Postal Address

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J.B.2. **C.W.B.**

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A COMPLETELY FURNISHED 3-ROOM SCHEME FOR ONLY 5/- A WEEK

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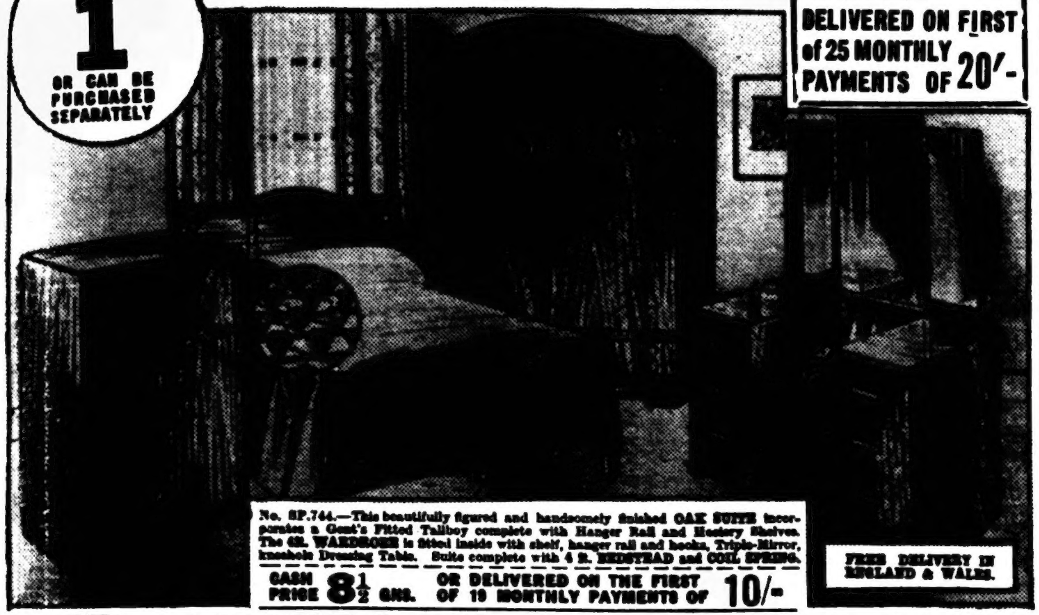

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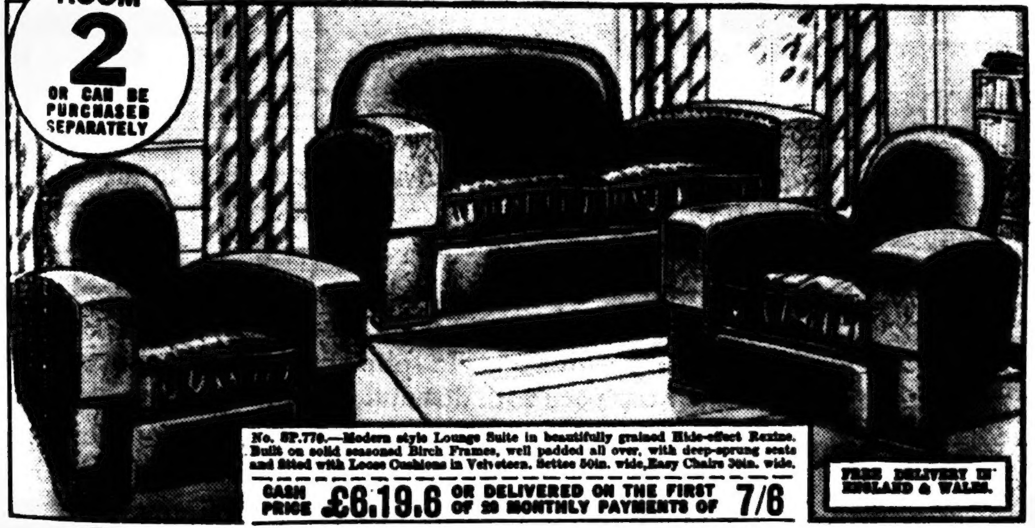

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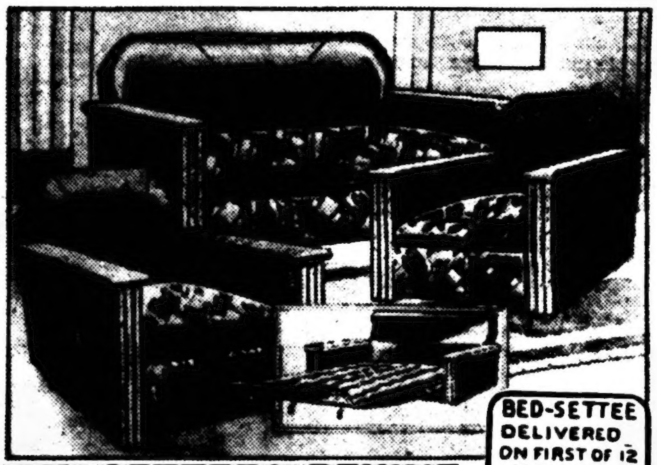

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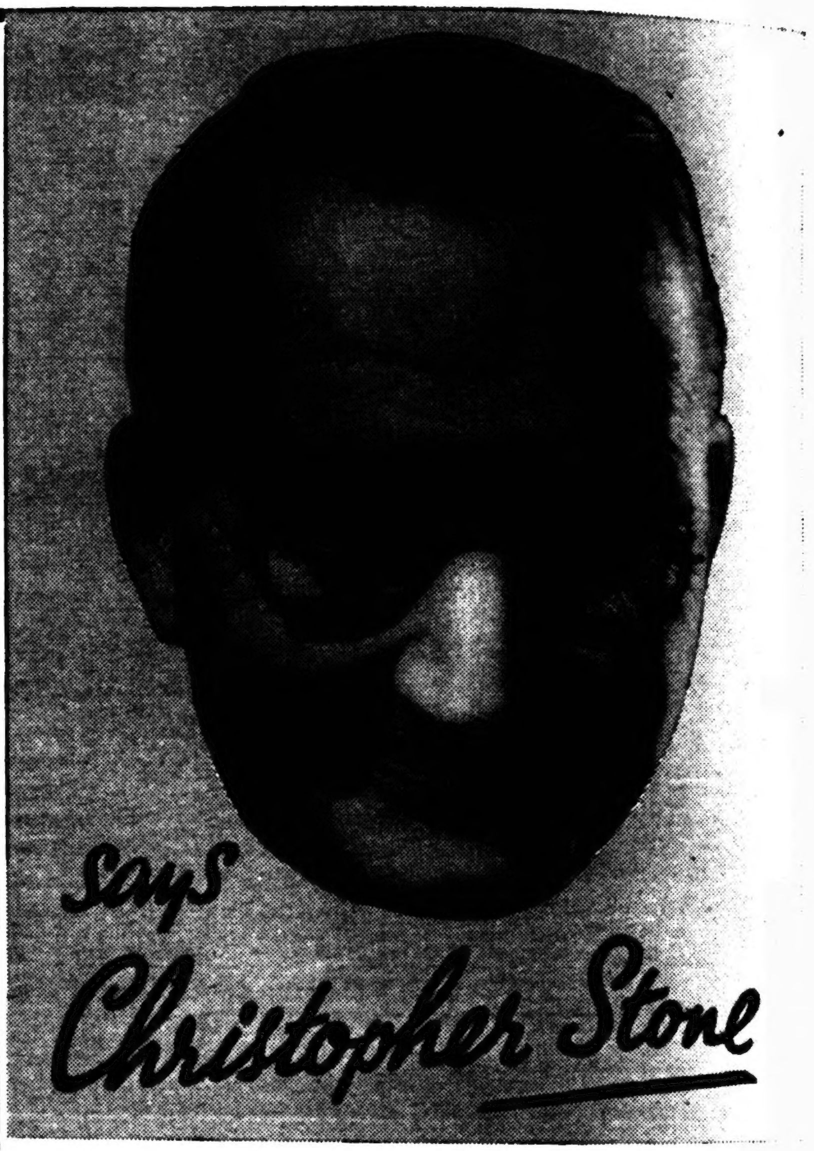

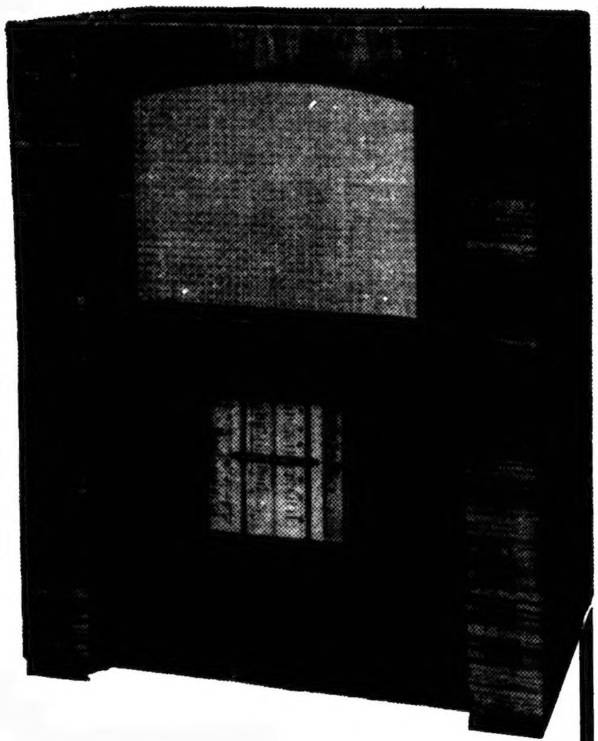

ALL-WAVE MODEL S.S.W.33
This is the set which has broken all Bush Sales records. It is a seven-stage superhet with nine tuned circuits and A.V.C. Wave ranges: SHORT 17-53 metres, medium 198-550 metres, long 850-2,000 metres. Large illuminated dial, station-calibrated. Dual ratio control ensures accurate tuning. Energised moving-coil speaker fed with 3-5 watts undistorted output. Provision for pickup and remote speaker.

Deposit £1
Weekly payments of
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Cash price 11½ gns.

BUSH Radio have asked me to apologise to any of you who may have been kept waiting for your new Bush all-wave superhet.

The trouble apparently has been that the Bush people are selling over two-and-a-half times the quantity of sets as compared with 1935. In spite of their straining every nerve to keep pace with demand, a few people may have been disappointed. But with a new factory in full production Bush can now satisfy all-comers, so to speak.

The Bush model which has caused the greatest stir is the S.S.W.33, a superhet for long, medium and SHORT waves. Evidently listeners have soon learnt to appreciate the added fun and often, thrill, of the programmes on the short-wave band. Personally, when I heard the set in action I was amazed at the number of stations which literally poured in from all parts of the globe and the effortless way one tuned them in.

I was even more astonished when I learnt that the price of this set is actually lower than that of many present day models covering only two wave-bands!

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RADIO

THE SYMBOL OF RELIABLE RADIO

Sold only by Appointed Dealers

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To Bush Radio, Ltd., Dept. J.B. 98, Power Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4
Please send me details of the Bush S.S.W.33 and other Bush receivers and radiograms.
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Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 14, 1936. Twopence.
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

• FROM OUR READERS

• *Pulse Of Our Postbag*

CHIEF present worries of readers as revealed by this week's Letter Bag are:—

Too much radio time is again being devoted to highbrow and classical music, which is allowed to over-run the programme while brighter entertainment is faded out.

Reports of more savage administration of the Means Test by local officials. Worst case is that of inspector discovering a child had a few shillings in the school bank and deducting it from family allowance.

Numerous injustices in the Workmen's Compensation Acts—particularly that maimed workers and their families often receive much less than if the breadwinners were unemployed.

Foodstuffs still being exposed for sale without any protection from dirt, dust and the like.

AS secretary of a tenants' association, I find that all over the land property owners are acting in concert in demanding that house occupiers shall carry out structural repairs.

Many of the orders I have seen are unconscionable. JOHN BULL would render another public service by defining liability, about which there is great ignorance or misunderstanding.—J. V. CURTIS, Whitehouse Lane, South Norwood.

When a house is let for less than three years at a rent not exceeding £40 in London and £26 in the provinces, the landlord must keep it habitable. Owner of house of higher rent, in absence of agreement, is under no obligation to do repairs but tenant's only liability is to keep it wind and water tight.

Money Spinning

A CAUTIOUS punter going to the races asked a publican to take care of a £5 note.

Later in the day the publican sent the fiver round to the grocer in payment of a bill.

The grocer paid his rent with the note and the landlord passed it to his property repairer for a debt. Then the repairer called on the publican and bought a case of whisky with it.

When the punter returned and was given the note, he tore it up with the remark that it was a dud. Did anyone lose?—DON. COLLINS, 96, Northgate, Darlington.

No. Publican sold a case of whisky and with the proceeds paid (in advance) a debt to his grocer.

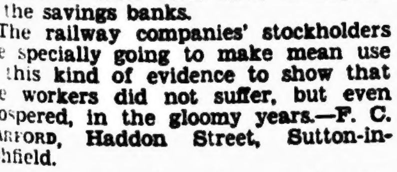
Unfair Evidence

IN various industries, after the long, black spell, negotiations are beginning at the instance of the unions for modest wage increases.

Already the applications are being met with an exact analysis—mysteriously obtained from somewhere by the employers—of the amounts which the workers in each trade have on deposit in the savings banks.

The railway companies' stockholders are specially going to make mean use of this kind of evidence to show that the workers did not suffer, but even prospered, in the gloomy years.—F. C. HARFORD, Haddon Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield.

This requires the serious consideration of the National Savings Association. Deposits in railway savings banks have increased to £19,000,000, but most of this has come from salaried officials.



Police – Official

DURING a long period of convalescence and pending my retirement from the police service, I have been allowed to spend my time lecturing to school-children on street safety.

I was dismayed at first on visiting the classrooms to observe that the boys and girls were nervous and frightened at my uniform. Since then I have done the work in plain clothes.

Enquiry showed that most children do not regard a policeman as a friend or guardian. The cause is that parents have taught them in infancy to look upon him as a "bogy man," with such remarks as "Don't do that, or the policeman will come."

And I am still baffled to understand. after twenty-five years' service, why parents do not teach their children to say their names and addresses as soon as they can speak.—SERGEANT O. V., Wimbledon, 10.

Thank you, Sarge!

The Limit

AN old man has just retired after completing fifty-four years' service with a colliery company last month.

All that time he has had to occupy a cottage provided for him by the company. Now his former employers have obtained an order for his eviction.

The Newcastle magistrate said he was powerless, as the law stood, to do anything to help the old fellow.—C. RYDER, Wooley Street, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

Typical instance of the tied-cottage scandal. The law demands better treatment than this for worn-out horses.

A Discovery

I HAVE been collecting for years an immense amount of data and lore about the weather. One hitherto unrecognised fact stands out conspicuously from the results of my research.

It is that a spell of bad weather invariably follows the arrival of a new moon on a Saturday.

Holidaymakers will remember with sadness the last occasion—Saturday, July 18. There will be a new moon next Saturday, November 14, and I will lay any odds that bad weather comes in its train.—G. W. SEYMOUR, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.

Safe bet. Every Saturday these days seems to be followed by foul weather, new moon or not.

Not Encouraging

WHY not adopt for the Coronation coinage the device on the twopenny pieces of 1797—the figure of Britannia grasping the trident with one hand and holding out an olive branch with the other?

Nothing could be more symbolic of British policy on the eve of the new Accession.—J. COWDRAY LANG, Prince's Gate, S.W.

Superstitious folk might recall that 1797 was followed by twenty years of continuous war.

Better Still

NATIONAL Health Insurance should be extended to include juveniles from fourteen to sixteen years of age.

On entering business or industry, young persons are specially liable to impairment of health, but their wages are usually too low to afford the medical care which would prevent an ailment from becoming serious.—H. COLTMAN, Kentish Town, N.W.

The Editor prefers to press for the raising of school-age to sixteen, with maintenance.

Brackets And Rackets

I HAVE lived in one house for over thirty years. In that time I have paid more than £50 for the hire of a gas company's fittings.

For many years also I paid rent for a gas stove until I had paid its value many times over. Now the charitable company has allowed me to buy a gas stove from them for £9, but I cannot receive any rebate for the old stove. The treatment of poorer consumers by private supply services is shameful.—MRS. KATE SARGENT, Plumstead, S.E.

Remedy—vote at elections only for candidates pledged to bring utility companies under public control.

How To Stop It

IN this town householders are receiving uninvited, from different firms large parcels sent by post containing blankets, linen, dress materials, shawls, rugs, and all kinds of soft goods.

About ten days afterwards a request comes from the senders to sign an agreement to pay for the stuff by instalments.

What should one do?—MRS. L. M., Dumfries Street, Luton.

A ramp. Pay nothing. Ignore all demands, even those to post back the goods. But hand them over—in any condition—if called for.

Humbugging Puss

WE thought it desirable to take away a family of kittens from our household cat. She was so disconsolate that we brought her four baby squirrels.

Soon she began to imagine herself an unusually clever mother when they started to skip from tree to tree and to fill everyone's shoes with nuts.

She purred with pride all day, and was not even undeceived by the fact that, except for an occasional diet of beetles, they were stout vegetarians—MISS A. J., Bickerstaffe, Street, St. Helens.

Some squirrels eat meat—when they find it in the shape of mice.

Get On With It

EDUCATION committees everywhere have been discussing the souvenir gifts to be given to school-children to commemorate the Coronation.

In none of the decisions which have become known to me so far have the local authorities shown more imagination than to vote for decorative mugs, tins of toffee and cheap medals.

Why have they forgotten the unemployed in the stricken areas who, in immense numbers, have become proficient in handicrafts under special instruction? These men could produce at small cost delightful, useful and lasting souvenirs.—MRS. L. G. HEMPEL, 1, Kensington Court Gardens, W.8.

The Editor has submitted Mrs. Hempel's suggestion to the President of the Board of Education.

The Mothers' Strike

WE are accustomed to JOHN BULL hitting the nail on the head, but never have you struck more truly than in the article "Have You Had Another Baby Yet?" giving the full truth about the strike of married women against motherhood.

But you omitted one of the most powerful reasons for the strike—the warning, "House to Let—No Children."—MRS. OLIVE BARRON, Pyke Hayes Road, Erdington.

Many readers write to the same effect.

Write to John Bull About It—

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published Envelopes marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

THE essence of thought is creation. The power to think is the greatest power in the world. Everything that has ever been made was first a thought. There is really no other object in thought except to create. Thought that does not create, or tend to create, is thought wasted.

Before anything that exists was created, action of some sort was necessary. Before there could be action of any sort, there must have been thought. This proves something. It proves that a man's mind and brain are the powerful and miraculous things in the world. Nothing in the world has ever happened. Nothing in the world has ever been made that was not first of all a thought in a man's mind.

If this constant and immutable law of Nature was really understood by everyone, and if everyone really believed it, what would not be possible? What is there that man could not accomplish?

Most of the world's troubles spring from the fact that we don't really believe in the creative power of our own thought. We're only willing to believe it of someone else—particularly if that someone else has a label tied round his neck.

Call a man a "politician," a "statesman," a "dictator," a "Labour leader"—and we immediately believe that his brain can think and create. So it does. That's why we tie the label round his neck.

But so could ours if we would only train them to do so. The labelled ones of the earth are labelled because they* do *think.

If you care to let someone else do your creative thinking for you that is your affair. But you must not complain if you are ignored and left out in the cold.

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Only One Farthing For Charity

Lord Hewart—the Lord Chief Justice of England who presided at the trial of the action

A SPECIAL jury in the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice has just awarded one farthing damages to Miss Lilian Dagmar Jewett, a professional charities organiser, of High Street, Kensington, W., in a libel suit which she brought against John Bull.

Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, who presided at the trial of the action, said it ought never to have been brought, and he declined to award any costs to Miss Jewett.

This vindication of John Bull in the Courts is of paramount importance and significance. We defended the action specifically for the purpose of bringing to the notice of the Government in the clearest possible manner the urgent need for the protection of the community against a deep and rampant evil—the filching every year by the charity racketeers of millions of pounds in this country of generous givers.

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Miss Jewett issued her libel writ against us in respect of our exposure and condemnation of her activities in connection with two quite superfluous but otherwise genuine charities conducted on behalf of men who were disabled in the Great War.

Our charge against her was that she grafted herself upon these charities on condition that she received not less than 9s. out of every pound which she could persuade the kindly public to subscribe to them.

What Miss Jewett wanted, in bringing her action against John Blul, was for a jury of her fellow-countrymen to say that they set the seal of their approval upon her methods of enriching herself at the expense of the kind-hearted people of Britain.

She must extract what satisfaction seems possible to her from the most contemptuous verdict that can be given in law to a plaintiff—a verdict which also impugns and censures the whole system by which she and countless other charity-mongers are allowed legally to prey for private profit upon the generous instincts of the public.

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Throughout the two days' trial, the Lord Chief Justice fastened again and again upon one essential point He asked each witness who had approached members of the public at their homes and elsewhere for money, if it was ever explained to the givers that 9s. out of every pound was deducted at the source by Miss Jewett.

All the witnesses had to answer " No."

The truth is that if the public was even only faintly aware of the extent to which philanthropy has become in this country a vast and rich business, every one of the so-called charities would immediately and completely disappear, leaving only those great and fine institutions which already competently and adequately cover the field of social endeavour, and which have for their mainspring the inspiration of voluntary effort.

Let one thing be clear. In setting itself to expose Miss Jewett, John Bull scrupulously refrained from using a single word which could be interpreted by anyone as a slur or reflection upon her honesty. We say now that she is probably the best and least grasping member of the professional gang in the charity racket. When she deducted 9s. from every pound subscribed—outrageous though the extortion was—she was not only acting well within the law, but was appropriating for herself and her helpers considerably less than is usually taken by the battalions of charity plunderers who are operating with absolute impunity up and down Britain to-day.

The records of John Bull are choked with facts about people who make charity a thriving industry by devoting not one-twentieth of the money collected to the needs they exploit.

Repeatedly our attacks on despicable charity-mongers have been supported by judges and magistrates. They agree and then throw up their hands in despair. They groan at their powerlessness. What verdicts they can give only touch the fringe of the thousand and one abuses in this greasy industry. The law itself is the safeguard and the shield of the culprits.

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Here is the simplest illustration that can be given of the law on charity, which Parliament has refused over and over again to alter in the smallest degree. It is: Any devious cheat can open a charity agency and take £999 19s. 11¾d. for his or her own purposes, so long as it can be shown that the odd farthing out of every thousand pounds has been applied to the object for which appeal is made.

The criminal law cannot be set working against these leeches. They laugh at our judicial system. A prosecution cannot be laid in respect of any charity, however bogus, unless it can be proved up to the hilt that *nothing* is devoted to the cause for which funds are raised. A few cups of tea, a distribution of hot soup, the gift of a shilling or two against a receipt is sufficient defence in law to any accusation that genuine charitable work is not being carried on.

Is it any wonder that charges of fraud consistently fail? Is it surprising that swindlers of the most contemptible and hardened types have settled on this lucrative trade like flies on a honey pot? All the rogues go free because that uttermost farthing keeps them within the law.

Long since the police gave up all hope of playing any effective part in stemming the spoilers. When a chief constable causes an investigation to be made, the thieves are not disturbed. They snap their fingers at him in contempt and defiance. He has no power to insist on the production of a true balance sheet—of any statement of accounts at all.

Stealing pennies from a blind man's hat is not comparable with the despicable deeds of these poisoners of the well springs of human charity. When they rob the public, they are also robbing the widow and the orphan, the sick, the aged and the destitute.

With Christmas only six weeks distant, the steady and ample stream of charity which flows all the year in Britain is coming to its seasonal spate. The stream has become turgid and muddied. What are the best and strongest corrective filter beds into which it can be sent to allow the clear and pure water of kindliness to run through to the people who need it ?

Parliament, in view of the revelations made during the hearing of Miss Jewett's action against John Bull, cannot surely much longer delay in giving the public some small measure of protection against the parasitic exploiters of their generosity.

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The first essential is that every charity should be registered at some central national office, and it should be compelled to publish the names of a responsible and approved committee, the members of which would be answerable, by fines and imprisonment, if necessary, for the conduct of the charity.

Next it should be made compulsory for books of account to be scrupulously kept and properly audited. Further, an annual balance sheet must be promptly presented.

Best provision of all would be insistence on a maximum percentage of expenses—1s. 6d. in the pound would be adequate.

Until legislation on these lines is passed our advice to readers is not to give the smallest support to any charity not known to them, unless they can obtain complete proof that it is genuinely and honestly conducted.

Don't give if you have the slightest difficulty in getting the fullest information. And if you are in doubt, write to John Bull about it.

Straight From the Shoulder

HOARE FLIRTS WITH DORA

Sneaking Her In Through The Back Door

BEWARE the Government's hint that it may bring back the Defence of the Realm Act to speed up the munitions programme.

Such a curtailment of liberty in peace time sounds too much like Fascism for our liking, and it's almost too bad to be true.

Yet Sam Hoare wasn't speaking at random when he dropped the hint. Every word of his speech, carefully read from manuscript, represented the considered policy of the Cabinet.

Mark that.

Dangerous Threats

Admitting that D.O.R.A. would "inevitably have to interfere with the normal conditions of industry and labour," Hoare said that the longer we could do without that pestilential dame the better it would be.

How true! And the sooner the Cabinet stops threatening the people the better it will be for Sam Hoare and his friends.

"Simple" Simon

Sir John Simon's new Public Order Bill will be welcomed by every good citizen—with reservations.

A good thing if the militarised marches of uniformed private armies are stopped; but the right of public assembly must not be sacrificed.

Above all, there must be no interference.

Answer Wanted

Will Mr. de Valera turn next year's Imperial Conference into a Donnybrook Fair? Or will he decide to stay away altogether? This question is seriously concerning the Dominions Office in making preliminary arrangements.

Communications have already been sent to the Dominions, and the Free State reply is awaited—anxiously.

Keeping Them Down

Worth a lot of official attention is Mr. Justice Atkinson's criticism of police enquiries which injure a previously convicted man trying to go straight.

Many a man has lost his job, been forced back into crime, by police calling at his place of business to "check up" on local robberies. Many a time we have demanded a final, authoritative ruling whether this should be permitted.

We say it should be stopped. The Home Secretary sits on the fence and says nothing.

Sound Talk

Leading Catholic trade unionists have had a talk with Mgr. Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster.

He deeply deplored attempts in certain quarters to exploit Catholicism to the detriment of Labour. Believes good Catholics can be good Socialists. So do we.

Boy Miners

No fewer than 319 boy miners out of every 1,000 are killed or injured every year. Dr. S. W. Fisher, Medical Officer of Mines, disclosed this terrible fact to the Royal Commission on Safety in Mines.

We strongly support his suggestion that boys under sixteen (who top the accident list) should not be allowed to work underground.

Such appalling figures call for quicker action than ever came through Royal Commissions.

Infamous Rule

A damnable shame is the ruin forced upon Edward Reeves, a young Londoner. He has had to close his little grocery shop because his father works for the Arsenal Co-operative Society, which rules that no employee may be connected with private trading.

The Society has a right to make rules right to dictate the lives of their workers' relatives.

We've a good deal of respect for the "Co-op" movement. We don't want to lose it through blunders of this sort.

Doctors Get Busy

Long needed (and long demanded by us) is the thorough enquiry into the causes of silicosis which the Medical Research Council is going to make.

Obviously the disease—that ghastly scourge which slowly kills miners and stone-workers—must be understood before it can be controlled.

And when the enquiry is completed there'll be no more excuse for Government inction.

Not For Him

There's a big drive on to recruit "specials" to help the regular police during the Coronation.

An ex-N.C.O. writes bitterly to us about his experiences as a special, complains of having to buy his own cap and uniform, and of other meannesses.

He says the country spends untold millions on guns, shells and machines of war, but precious little on the human machine that defends it and maintains order.

And there's truth in that.

Humbug

A man can draw "dole" for the woman who keeps house for him, but is allowed nothing for the wife from whom he is separated. So he falls into arrears with the maintenance payments, and is often jailed.

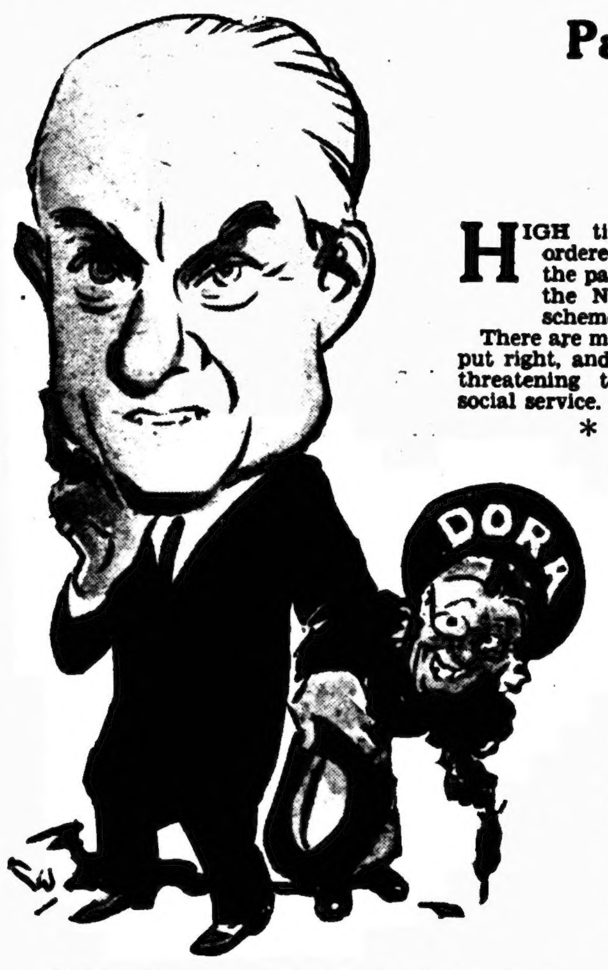
One of Sunderland's magistrates says the law is a humbug. A cruel humbug, too.

Danger On Deck

Heavy gales at sea have washed overboard hundreds of deck cargoes, mostly of timber. These are now floating about, a menace to navigation.

The demand that deck cargoes should be abolished is ignored by the Board of Trade, which apparently wants to make additional profits for shipowners.

We say that if a ship cannot carry enough cargo in her holds she should be scrapped.



Will Sam Hoare succeed in bringing Dora back to rule us?

Panel Persecution—Birch For Father—Winston's Big Bid—Worrying Hitler

HIGH time Sir Kingsley Wood ordered an investigation into the panel service provided under the National Health Insurance scheme.

There are many things that need to be put right, and his craze for economy is threatening to ruin a very valuable social service.

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People are facing the same kind of persecution as we find under Unemployment Insurance.

After a few weeks on the panel, patients are summoned before a Regional Medical Board. Many of them, fearing the ordeal, struggle back to work. Their health suffers, but the State saves its few shillings.

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Panel doctors are also being bullied by the Ministry's officers. Twenty doctors a week receive visits from inspectors, following a lynx-eyed examination of their prescriptions.

Rather than face the Ministry's mean music they get the habit of under-prescribing. Again it's the patient who suffers.

Birch For Parents

Listen to Dr. Bateman, chairman of Rochdale Children's Court. He says most juvenile crime starts in the home, fathers often need the birch.

Listen also to Mr. Hudson, Liverpool's chief probation officer. He blames careless parents and juvenile unemployment for the city's child crime wave, attacks fathers and mothers who go off to the cinema leaving their sons to hang about street corners.

These men know.

Winston Tries Again

Winston Churchill is making another big bid for office. He's been making no secret of his belief that he is best fitted to carry out the big rearmament programme.

And his friends will get busy when the Government is asked to set up the Ministry of Supplies recommended by the Arms Commission.

But will he get the job? Stanley's long memory shows no signs of forgiving Winnie.

Hitler's Worried

British Intelligence officials have learnt some surprising facts about Germany's new Air Force as a result of Hitler sending aeroplanes and pilots to aid the Spanish rebels.

The German machines and the bombs they carried were seen to be of amazingly poor quality. The Italian machines and bombs proved infinitely superior.

Bomb For Goering

Italian planes, completed about the same time as the German, were faster, more navigable.

While a new high explosive tested out on Spanish loyalists by order of Air Minister Goering failed to produce the devastating results promised by the Nazi War Department.

Musso Leads

As both aeroplanes and bombs represent the high-water mark of German preparedness, Musso's superiority in both for their workers, not a semblance of spheres gives Hitler and his boy friends anxious hours.

And what a relief for our various Government Departments who have been so scared about German air invincibility.

Shocking The World

The beheading of Edgar Andre, Hamburg Communist leader, is more than a crime against liberty of thought in Germany. It's a crime against civilisation.

If Hitler is anxious for Britain's friendship, he'd better give us reason to trust him. And this country can never trust a man who goes on perpetrating the most cold-blooded atrocities.

We Win Again

Kingsley Wood gets a nod from us. He tells local councils to deal "sympathetically and generously" with shopkeepers whose businesses are ruined owing to slum clearance schemes. He offers Ministry of Health loans to enable fair compensation to be paid.

So John Bull's fight for the victims is succeeding.

Timber Wolves

Building work in London is being held up and called off because of an alleged shortage of timber.

A heavy demand for Coronation grandstands is the excuse. And a poor excuse, too; it sounds as if there were timber wolves about—and not only at Whipsnade.

Bunkum Exploded

More dross than gold in Wales, that's certain.

We said so a fortnight ago when discussing the wonderful "discoveries" there of Professor Herzog, Austrian "King of the Dowsers," and the company that hopes to exploit his new Klondyke. Now experts bluntly tell the company that tests don't bear out its hopes.

So the pretty picture of a "Welsh mountain of Gold" becomes just a mirage.

Below The Belt

The Christmas rush starts. Post Office arranges for 70,000 extra men to help with the mails.

Among them will be pensioned ex-postmen and sorters. Last year these men had a shock, for their pension was stopped for the period they were working.

None of that this year, P.M.G.!

Fair Warning

Three years ago we advised our readers to steer clear of the House and Land Investment Trust. The crash has come. The concern is in compulsory liquidation, and the Official Receiver doesn't think much of the assets; so don't say you weren't warned.

Quack, Quack

Arrant quackery is still practised by the Havilland Eyesight Institute, of the Strand, London.

Ernest Havilland, its proprietor and "consultant specialist," warns folk that eye troubles get worse and worse unless treated. But Ernest doesn't recommend a visit to the optician; he is more anxious to sell his two-guinea "course."

People who listen to his quack-quacking must be weak in the head as well as the eyes.

Safety First

The large number of accidents on buildings under construction is increasingly disturbing. New methods of construction call for new precautions, and building legislation must be revised if the district surveyors are to do their job properly.

MY SON the President

An Interview with MRS. SARA ROOSEVELT

(*His 82-year-old mother*)

Mother and son—"He comes to see me whenever he can"

"OF course I'm the proudest woman in the world—who wouldn't be? The people of the United States have shown such overwhelming confidence in my son Frank. I am proud of Frank. I think very well of him.

"And I feel the confidence of my fellow-citizens is not misplaced. The President intends big things, a policy in which the ordinary citizen and his family will come first all the time.

"But there! I'm not going to talk politics. Besides, what do you want to interview me for? Why, I'm only the President's mother, an old woman who doesn't count anyhow"

It was because she was "only the President's mother" that I went along to see Mrs. Sara Roosevelt. There has been too much political talk already during this whirlwind presidential campaign.

What was he like as a boy? How much had she been able to help him in his career? What did it feel like to see the boy you nursed occupying the highest position in the United States of America, and appointed to that proud position by a record majority? These are typical of the questions I wanted her to answer.

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I told her that in any case I knew she would be interesting. "Most great men have had mothers who were remarkable women," I said.

"That is quite true," she agreed. "Napoleon's mother, for instance. If a lad makes a success of his life you can say, generally speaking, that it is because he has been blessed with a very energetic mother."

Mrs. Roosevelt is certainly living proof of the truth of her own dictum.

Tall, straight, as active as a woman of forty, she has never had a day's illness in her life. She often says she never leaves her home. She means, by that, that at eighty she doesn't do quite the things she did at seventy.

Ten years ago, for instance, when she missed catching a boat bound for Europe by something like an hour, she chartered a racing motor boat and overtook it several miles out of harbour. She climbed up the bolt-crusted steel plates by means of a rope-ladder. Reaching England, she flew the Channel.

"Bravo," cabled her son. "But don't do it again.' And she brought him back a length of Scottish tweed to placate him.

Her son. Oh, yes. Mrs. Sara Roosevelt began to speak of him with an air of very charming simplicity. Don't expect any rich sentimentality about him in this interview. I was soon to know that when she said "I am proud of Frank. I think very well of him," she was being just about as gushing as her rather stoical nature will allow, this woman who really is from "Mayflower" stock. She is descended, in fact, from the last male and last female survivors of that great adventure.

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"The idea of preparing Frank for the Presidency of the United States never entered our heads when he was a boy," she said. "All my husband wished to do was to give him the best possible preparation for life.

One precaution was to engage an old Scots nurse for him—Helen McRorie. From one month old until he was ten he was brought up according to good, old-fashioned Scottish ideals.

"From when he was a tiny baby he always travelled with us wherever we went. He knows Europe as well as I do. We got him a French governess when he was still very young, and tutors who spoke both French and German. I don't consider anyone's education is complete without a knowledge of French."

And so Franklin Roosevelt became the first President of the United States to speak French and German fluently.

"But until he was fourteen all his studies were here at home," Mrs. Roosevelt continued. "And I consider that that primary education did much to form his character."

She did not mean that there was any molly-coddling of her son. Franklin Roosevelt was a real boy, up to any boyish pranks, the more fond of games when they were boisterous almost to the point of roughness.

He gate-crashed the Kensington Museum when King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, was visiting it to open a new wing. He stole the Kaiser's pen from his desk on the royal yacht. It was not theft, he argued, but ordinary souvenir-hunting.

He had a really hard bicycle tour in the Black Forest. Was out to enjoy himself, apparently, for the police got him four times for minor infractions of regulations.

He put up a school record for the "running high kick" at school. There were few things in his early life he was prouder of than that.

His athleticism, Mrs. Roosevelt said, made all the more tragic the illness he suffered in 1921. Collapsing after a cold bath, he was left with infantile paralysis.

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He can be moved in and out of trains or his own car only by use of his own special ramp. He can walk with the aid of sticks only because of a remarkable bracing contraption that he wears under his clothes, although he prefers to lean on the arm of friends. Even then, no ordinary man with such an affliction would have conquered the handicap as he has done.

"My son always had an iron constitution," said Mrs. Roosevelt. "And believe me, he needs it to-day, for at times he gets very little sleep. He cannot, like most men, obtain relaxation by a walk in the park. All day and every day, as President, he must be in his office, working without respite. But I really believe that work tires him less than it does most men."

He made great use of that tirelessness when he went to Harvard University. While burning the midnight oil over his studies, he became editor of a paper called "The Crimson," the most militant journal the students ever had.

He crusaded in particular against any tameness among the players, against any bad sportsmanship on the part of spectators.

It was to get rest from all these labours that he sailed to Europe during vacation, fell in love during the trip with a distant cousin, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, and, returning an engaged man, married her.

Anna had a President of the United States to give her away—her uncle "Teddy" Roosevelt. But that was rather a handicap. They found that most of the guests had gone to the wedding to meet the President rather than themselves, and so found themselves two lonely, unimportant people at their own wedding.

They often laugh over that—particularly now that they are at White House themselves.

But it is a worrying job being President of the United States, says Mrs. Roosevelt.

"When Frank told me he was going to stand for re-election I asked him why he wished to face all the worry and responsibility again. I thought he should rest awhile from his labours. But he just said he wanted to finish the job he had started—and, naturally, he knows his own mind best.

"And the elections have been a great strain for me as well as for him. I used to worry myself an awful lot when my son was going through the terrible strain of an election.

"For example, in 1932 I was in New York, staying at the Hotel Baltimore, on the eve of the elections. It was a memorable evening, but rather upsetting for me. Far too upsetting.

"This time I stayed here at home, listening to my son's speeches over the wireless, and the results were transmitted through to me as soon as they were known.

"Frank himself loves this house—quite as much as I do. It is a great comfort to me to know that he is always happy when he comes to stay here among his children and his friends.

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"There is only one thing that amazes me. It is precisely here, in his own circle, that Frank finds his severest critics. Among my own friends there are some who consider my son is a traitor to his class. The very idea."

She smiled resignedly when I asked her whether she would persuade the re-elected President to have a short rest at her home—Hyde Park is its name: it is a beautiful house on the Hudson River, with a full-size statue of the President in the hall. Then she made a wry face.

"Long ago I gave up all attempts to make him consider his health," she said wearily. "It's no good.

"But it is essential to me that he should come here from time to time, and he comes whenever he can. It is one of the joys of his life that his children love it equally with himself."

Exclusive Informations by Sir Wyndham Childs

IMPUDENT FOOTBALL CROOK EXPOSED

PROFESSIONAL football clubs in all parts of the country have been victimised by a plausible young fellow who passes under the name of Jack Sutcliffe and has an address at Beeston Hill, Leeds.

Sutcliffe's operations are so extensive and damaging to clubs that he has incurred a "warning off" notice from the Football Association.

But Jack Sutcliffe can easily change his name. He may, quite likely, appear in a different identity, for he is practised in disguises. Therefore it is well that the full story of his adventures should be made known.

It was Mr. R. Hewison, manager of Bristol City Football Club, who first called the attention of the F.A. to the wiles of Master Sutcliffe.

At the beginning of the season Mr. Hewison received a letter purporting to come from Joe Harris, a former Bristol City player, and an exceptional judge of budding football talent.

"Are you interested in a goalkeeper or an inside forward, for I have two very likely lads?" was the effect of this communication.

Back went the answer that Bristol City might be interested in the inside forward. Another letter then from Joe Harris giving the name and address of Jack Sutcliffe and stating that he really was worth while.

So in due course Sutcliffe was engaged by Bristol City for a month's trial at a wage of four pounds a week.

He went into training with the Bristol City players, and then was given a game with the Reserve team against Portsmouth. *Within ten minutes of that match it was seen that Jack Sutcliffe—whatever else he might be—was certainly not a footballer.* He finished the game banished to the outside right position, where he could do least harm.

Just to allow the fellow one more chance, he was tried with the third team. His showing then was even worse.

So Bristol City said good-bye to their new recruit and he was paid his money.

As the whole business seemed unusual and peculiar, enquiries were made.

Information from Joe Harris, at Leeds, showed that he never had recommended Sutcliffe to Bristol City; that he had no knowledge of the matter, and that the letters which purported to be from him were not his at all.

Later it was learned that Sutcliffe, while at Bristol, had opened negotiations for an engagement with Midland League clubs at Dudley and Brierley Hill, Birmingham.

He drew travelling expenses from both clubs, and actually signed a contract to play for Dudley at a wage of £3 10s. a week while he was still on the pay-roll of Bristol City. In both these instances he used a forged recommendation, supposedly from Harris.

We can disclose that this same Jack Sutcliffe has exploited his bogus reference and confidence trick at Huddersfield, Watford, and also with the Bristol Rovers team.

One performance at Huddersfield was sufficient to prove he was of no service to the club. He was promptly paid a month's money—£16—and told to go.

Mr. R. Hewison, manager of Bristol City Football Club—first to unmask the impostor

At Watford he pretended an injury, and was kept—and paid—for several weeks—before his foolish pretensions were discovered.

His engagement with Bristol Rovers was as a goalkeeper—still on the same arrangement of a month's trial. There he never progressed farther than a practice. Shots went into the net all round him. He could not stop the easiest of them.

Incidentally, when with Bristol Rovers, Sutcliffe had black hair. That colour had changed to fair at the time he came to Bristol City.

Other famous clubs with whom this sham professional footballer has been in touch are West Bromwich Albion and Southampton.

Always he adopts the same course, a letter in the first instance from some old and well-known player, followed by a trial engagement. Sutcliffe is content to fail on the field so long as he can draw his trial month's money.

His undoubted ingenuity should be turned to better uses.

QUADS for the Black List

MEN willing to spend their last penny as a "deposit" to get employment should be on their guard against a plausible trickster now touring the country.

In Blackburn recently he advertised for shop managers, pretending that he was opening up branches of his London business, which chiefly concerned the sale of wallpaper.

He engaged several men during his stay, took varying small deposits from them, and, after a few brief days, disappeared.

He called himself Sampson in this case, but has a string of aliases, and is sought by victims in several towns.

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A close "runner-up" is a rogue who sometimes calls himself "Marsden," and who, with even more aliases, poses variously as an electrician, overseer, foreman, builder, engine-driver and chauffeur to the managing director of a big construction company.

His speciality is defrauding landladies and hotels. His "tale" never varies much, and is generally to the effect that he is visiting the town to lay plans and engage a staff for a "big job" which is shortly being started in the district. After living well for a few days, he absconds with everything of value he can lay his hands upon!

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Complaints have been made about a firm called Scott, Shepherd and Company, which, through unsolicited circulars issued from its office in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, offered clients "options" on the profitable buying and selling of different shares.

Some people who have invested money and had profits to come, have not been able to secure them. Enquiries at the Shaftesbury Avenue office reveal that Scott, Shepherd and Company has not been in business there for some considerable time.

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Charitably disposed people should be on a sharp look-out for an elderly and benevolent-looking "clergyman" who makes house-to-house calls in aid of an institution purported to help poor slum children.

He carries a little notebook, into which he writes the number of every house where a donation is given, together with the amount.

But that is just part of his stock-in-trade, and he is an impostor in whose operations the police are now interested.

SINISTER HEALING HUMBUG

WHY Suffer? Consult the World's Greatest Healer!—is the slogan of a mysterious "Professor" Alfred, who has recently opened a campaign of quackery in the North.

In a flaring headline the "Professor" describes himself as a Stomach, Heart, Nerve and Ear Specialist. "Years of pain, years of sadness come to an end, and a new life opens up for you the day you Consult the Healer."

He is now engaged in giving "free" consultations at what he describes as his surgeries at Stockton-on-Tees, Darlington, York and other towns.

Actually his "surgeries" are nothing but the ground floor front parlours in private houses, which he rents for a few hours every week.

On Tuesdays, for instance, it is announced that Professor Alfred can be consulted free at 35, Westbourne Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees, from 2 p.m. to 7.30 p.m.

Wednesdays see him at Scarcroft Road, York, and Thursdays at Greenbank Road, Darlington.

A recent caller at the Stockton-on-Tees "surgery" was not impressed. There was nothing to suggest a surgery—it was an ordinary working-class parlour, plus a small bamboo table which the "Professor" used as a desk.

The idea of the advertised "free" consultation disappeared completely within sixty seconds, for when the caller explained that he had a relative suffering from rheumatism, Professor Alfred promptly stated that he would treat the case for two guineas a visit, or a guinea if the patient called on him at the "surgery."

He explained that the treatment had nothing to do with drugs or massage, but it was "just the power in me. The great power I possess sets up reaction of the body, subdues pain, takes it away, and makes flesh grow on arms and legs that have degenerated," boasts this charlatan.

He is prepared to treat countless maladies, including rheumatoid arthritis, pernicious anæmia, infantile paralysis, flat feet, heart trouble, water on the knee, neuritis, defective eyesight—all by his system of natural healing.

During the past twenty years, he claims that 200,000 people have been treated and benefited by this "wonderful magnetic treatment, which is natural—and is life, not death."

Recently a poor woman went into his surgery at Stockton-on-Tees dragging herself along painfully on two sticks.

She came out sad-eyed, poorer in pocket and disillusioned. She still hobbled as badly as ever, walking painfully with the aid of her sticks.

"Professor Alfred," we can reveal, is just the latest mask for a quack named Alfred Henry Brown, alias Jackson, who has sometimes styled himself "the famous bloodless surgeon."

We have said enough about this healing humbug on the part of the "Professor" to warn those who are suffering from illness not to be tempted by the plausible and sensational offers of this man. He is a plausible humbug who should be given a wide berth.

"Professor" Alfred, self-styled "world's greatest healer"

FINANCIERS TO WATCH

A CURIOUS venture, "The Sportsmen's League," specialised until recently in ten-shilling "Daily Credit" Turf gambles from offices in New Quebec Street and Bransmead Place, London.

Tempting odds were offered, and clients had to select, daily, six horses which would not be in the first three.

A Bridgnorth reader and some friends made several bets with the "League," and, losing steadily, paid up promptly. One week they were entitled to a nice little cheque, but it did not come! The same thing happened to readers in Dover, Leicester—in fact, to people in all parts of the country.

Enquiries show that the promoter of "The Sportsmen's League" has been mixed up with several similar organisations, and was actively concerned with a company which, formed to deal in furniture bargains, failed with losses of thousands of pounds, a proportion of which came from employee-investors.

Recently proceedings were instituted against him for "obtaining credit and engaging in business without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt." Many of his betting system victims complained that they could not get their money.

But he contented himself by saying that his downfall had been caused by "business difficulties" and "living beyond his means."

He is lucky, indeed, to have escaped with a £50 fine, plus costs.

Several ventures of this type have been run by so-called "financiers" with whom "The Sportsmen's League" promoter is, or has been, associated. We shall watch their future operations with close interest.

Walters Hall, once a scene of revelry by night: now deserted

Mansion-Club Mystery

THREE VANISHING WOMEN

A GEORGIAN mansion at Monkton-in-Thanet, near Ramsgate, is the setting for the strange disappearance of three women—a Mrs. E. I. Wetherby-Williams and her two daughters. Behind this mystery lies a picturesque story.

When Mrs. Wetherby-Williams took over the somewhat grim-looking mansion known as Walters Hall in the summer of last year she aroused quite a lot of interest. A local builder was commissioned to undertake alterations and decorations at a cost of over £400.

An elaborate bar was installed in a drawing-room, and within a short time this secluded mansion opened its doors as "Walters Hall Country Club."

This in itself was a minor mystery, for local people were surprised that anyone should attempt to establish a big club at such a remote spot.

But the new proprietress was optimistic about the future of Walters Hall.

Gradually she began to make contact with officers who were stationed at Manston Royal Air Force aerodrome, a mile or so away.

To add to the attractions of the club, Mrs. Wetherby-Williams engaged six beautiful young women as dancing partners.

When a special gala dance was held, Mrs. Wetherby-Williams would arrange with garage proprietors to send out cars and taxicabs to Manston Aerodrome to bring Royal Air Force officers to Walters Hall, where they took part in the gaieties provided for members of the Country Club.

* * *

Few guests stayed at this spacious Georgian mansion tucked away behind the trees in the rural quietude of Monkton-in-Thanet.

Yet there were gay nights when a belated passer-by would hear sounds of revelry and jollity coming from Walters Hall.

Then in the early hours would come the sounds of motor engines being started up and flying officers would return to the aerodrome, while the other guests would depart for their homes.

For a time it seemed that Mrs. Wetherby-Williams might after all make a success of Walters Hall. She became well known locally and to tradesmen at Margate and Ramsgate, who often received visits from the two daughters of the house.

Then came an eventful night when a special gala attraction had been arranged at Walters Hall. Everything seemed set for a pleasant evening, when, without a flicker of warning, the petrol gas system gave up trying and the mansion was plunged into darkness.

Candles were found, however, and by the aid of their flickering flames R.A.F. officers and other members of the club continued to dance, while their shadows were thrown in grotesque silhouette against the walls.

The failure of the lights seems to have foreshadowed the failure of Walters Hall Country Club, for now Mrs. Wetherby-Williams and her two daughters have disappeared most mysteriously from the Georgian mansion.

A week or so after their disappearance pantechnicon vans arrived and the furniture in the house was removed.

The local postmaster began to receive visits from many people who were anxious to trace the mysterious Mrs. Wetherby-Williams. But she could not be traced.

There are a number of tradespeople who are anxious to get into touch with her, and at least one garage proprietor who is owed money for the hire of cars.

When Mrs. Wetherby-Williams arrived at Monkton-in-Thanet she created the impression that she was a woman of considerable means, and boasted that she had wealthy connections abroad.

Now she has disappeared, and her mansion of mystery is deserted.

Hospital Blunder:

LITTLE BOY MAIMED FOR LIFE

TO have lost an arm through a hospital's delay, at the age of seven, is the tragic fate of Keith Watts, of Hydenside, Consett, County Durham, who has just returned to his home and his parents after long months of suffering.

And it all began with a simple tumble this summer, when Keith was playing with a friend in his front garden. He had climbed the low fence, when he fell and hurt his left arm.

The parents attended to his hurt and took him to a local doctor, who put the injured arm in a splint and gave the mother a note to take with the child to the Richard Murray Hospital, at Consett, next morning.

As the doctor had said that the child's arm needed immediate attention, the mother anticipated that the boy's injury would be treated as a matter of urgency.

But when she reported at the hospital she was informed that her boy could not be seen until Wednesday or Friday.

As it was only Tuesday, and the child was suffering agony from his injured arm, the idea of waiting even one more day was frightening.

But repeated requests to see the doctor there and then were unsuccessful. The worried mother could only take her pain-racked boy back home.

All that day and during the night little Keith Watts tried to stifle his cries of pain. When his parents endeavoured to soothe him and urge him "to be brave," his distress was pitiful.

"I can't, dad, it hurts too much," was his pathetic plaint as the hours dragged on.

Next morning the parents decided that they must get prompt treatment, so they rushed the boy to the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Their reception was in marked contrast to that at the Richard Murray Hospital, Consett.

Keith Watts' injury was X-rayed at once, and was treated by the skilled hands of an efficient surgeon.

But a few hours later an ominous sign developed, the hand began to turn black. It is not difficult to imagine the horror of the parents when they heard the dread word "gangrene" mentioned by a surgeon.

From that moment the battle to save the child's life began, for the poison was already spreading up the arm.

Young Keith Watts

He was wheeled into the operating theatre. His left arm had to be amputated at the shoulder, in a desperate effort to save his life.

The mother and father waited through the long hours in the hospital, knowing that their only child was hovering between life and death.

So for days the battle went on, until at last the parents, who had made repeated journeys from their home at Consett to Newcastle-on-Tyne, were at last assured that Keith was recovering from his ordeal.

It is not surprising that the parents are bitter in their comments about the Richard Murray Hospital.

Nothing can restore this child's lost arm, but the circumstances should be fully investigated by the hospital authorities to ensure that no case demanding urgent attention will ever be neglected in the future.

Provident Society Funds Sensation

THE Bristol, West of England and South Wales Operatives' Trade and Provident Society has a deficit of £751,782. Behind this startling revelation lies a story of mistaken financial outlook and over-generous disbursement.

The headquarters of this society are in Dorset House, North Street, Bedminster, Bristol. The membership on the voluntary side numbers 35,000, while in connection with National Health Insurance activities the society has more than 80,000 members.

Work is divided into ten divisions of England and Wales, and the society has no fewer than 406 branches.

The assets of the society are equivalent to only 9s. 9½d. in the £ of the prospective and possible liabilities.

But the General Council has decided to face up to facts and has notified its members of drastic alteration in the scale of benefits to voluntary members as from January 1 next year.

Such changes involve:

Reducing the weekly allowance to superannuated members by one-half.

Stopping all sick benefit to members who have attained the age of sixty-five.

Abolishing accident benefit in cases for which compensation or damages should be payable.

Reduction of funeral benefits.

No more grants for surgical appliances.

It is a grievous hardship from the point of view of members

The society—established as far back as 1873—was registered as a trade union. Many years ago, however, its trade union activities ceased. It became purely a provident society.

The Society's Bristol headquarters

As a trade union it was not legally bound to have a periodical valuation of assets and liabilities. It carried on cheerfully under its general council, composed of working-men—most of them without much practical business or financial experience.

The public will be staggered to learn that the present valuation of the society was the first since 1908!

Ever since 1924—with the exception of two separate years—the society has made a loss.

Now we come to the discovery of the enormous total deficit of £751,782.

At the beginning of 1935 a new general secretary—Mr. E. Brodie—was appointed. He had a clear notion of the way things were drifting.

He insisted that there should be a stocktaking. This was carried out by Mr. W. A. Curtis, of London, Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries and Public Valuer under the Friendly Societies Act.

To say that the members of the General Council were appalled when informed of the exact situation is to put it mildly.

As for Mr. E. Brodie, the new secretary, his opinion can be judged from a speech made in open meeting. He said:

"To allow a period of twenty-six years (1908 to 1934) to elapse without as it were taking stock is to my mind very unbusinesslike, if not to apply a harder word—criminal."

"Even in 1908 the fabric of the Society was undermined. The Society at the end of that year—according to the actuary's report—was worth only 14s. 3d. in the £.

"In view of the serious deficiency," declared the expert in his report on the figures of 1908, "it behoves the committee of management to take active steps to put the Society on a more solvent basis.

"It should be remembered that unless something is done, and that at once, to remedy the present unsatisfactory state of affairs, this deficiency will grow so as to ultimately assume unmanageable proportions."

Nothing was done. Year after year was allowed to drift by. There were further losses and the deficiency was allowed to reach three-quarters of a million pounds.

In future the society is to be registered as a friendly society and not simply as a trade union. Under this change there will be the statutory valuation at regular intervals.

But it is a pity this action should be so belated!

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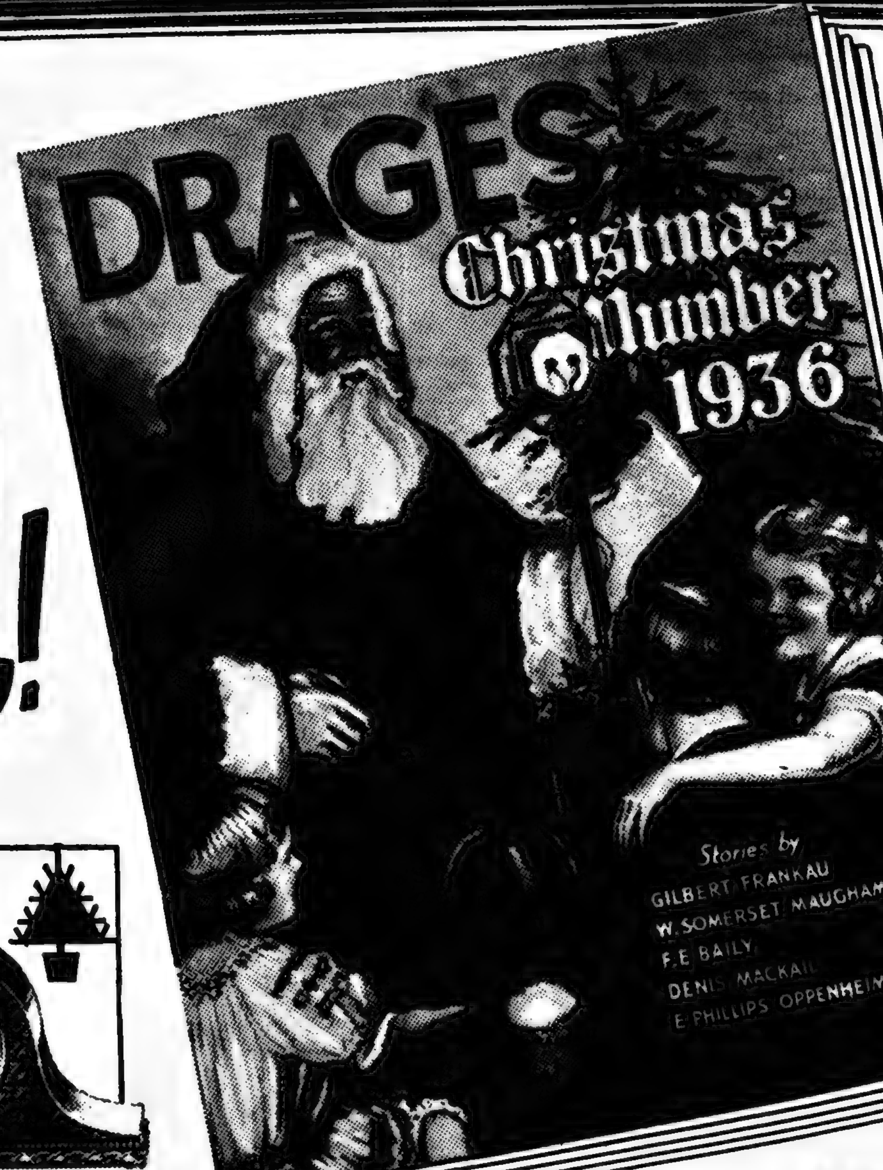

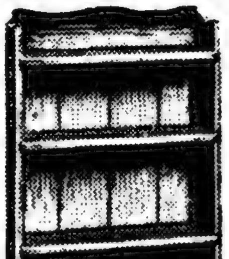

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Christmas is the season of good will and good fellowship and Drages celebrate this joyous time by making a generous offer to all Home Lovers. Drages Christmas Number for 1936 (sixth year of issue) contains not only a fine series of stories by famous authors, but also a wide selection of Free Gifts of Furniture which are offered to all customers placing orders between *Now and Christmas.*

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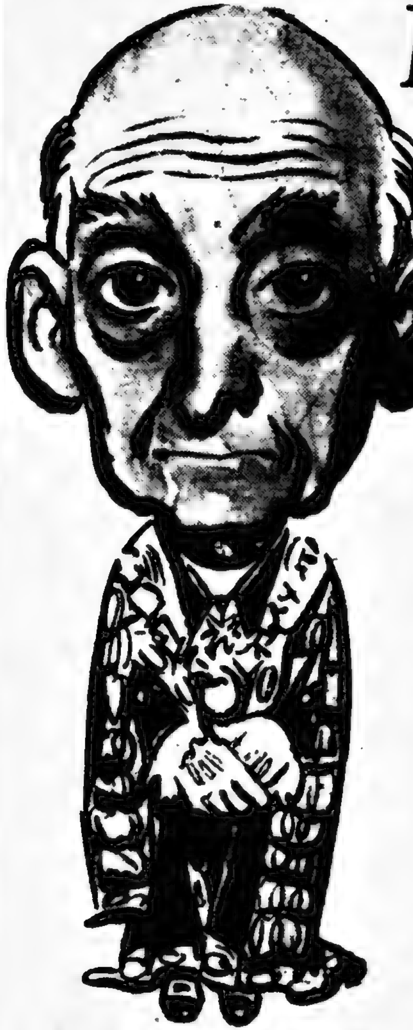

The King George Memorial is all wrong, Sir George

DEAR SIR GEORGE BROADBRIDGE,—You've got to face the fact that the King George Memorial Fund is a lamentable failure.

As things are at present, it will not come to a brilliant end on the closing date of January 20; it will just fizzle out like a damp firework.

And your job, as London's new Lord Mayor and therefore the new president of the Fund, is to make the memorial to "the beloved King" a national triumph instead of a national disgrace.

A big job. An urgent one. One that can be done only by scrapping and starting afresh.

For the present plan could never be satisfactory. Stupidly conceived, badly put over, it is entirely contrary to the wishes of the people. Make no mistake about that.

Originally it was hoped to achieve a total subscription of at least £750,000. Actually, a little more than £300,000 has been collected. Does this look as though "it is evident everywhere that the memorial has touched the public imagination," as we were told a few months ago?

* * *

The real trouble, of course, is the proposal to waste *half the money* on a statue facing the Houses of Parliament.

This statue is to be a simple one, true, but to provide a site it was originally intended to spend £350,000 on demolishing a lot of fine old houses in Abingdon Street.

Now, owing to the lack of public support, this crazy scheme has got to be modified. To save the faces of a few bigwigs, the Government comes forward with a gift of certain buildings. So that not so many privately owned houses will be pulled down, and the cost reduced to £125,000. Still too much!

Because, you know, there is a vacant site ready to hand in Parliament Square—as worthy a place for the statue as any in the Metropolis. If this were used, the cost would be negligible.

I appeal to you, before it is too late, to adopt this plan instead of the folly which has antagonised the man and woman in the street as well as important members of your council.

And is there anyone who believes that King George himself would have countenanced so needless an expense?

He, the people's friend, who disliked ostentation and whose first thoughts were for the welfare of the young, would surely have preferred his memorial to take a more human and truly lasting shape.

* * *

I am aware that half the money raised is to be expended on playing fields for young people. But why only half? And why tread on the toes of the Jubilee Trust?

The Trust, devoted by King George's own wish to the provision of playing fields, amongst other things, has already passed the million pounds mark. Were the Memorial Fund to help the rising generation in another way, it would not now be hanging fire. If it were properly organised, the public would make it as whole-hearted a success as the Jubilee Trust.

You have eminent people on your council, I know. But *every* influential person should be helping you.

A few boroughs have held flag days in an effort to raise a pound or two. Churches and chapels have made collections.

But there has been no great campaign to stir the nation's grateful remembrance of its dead Sovereign. Unless the memorial plans are drastically changed, indeed, even the biggest campaign must fail.

Well, Sir George, the choice between success and failure largely rests with you. Don't hesitate!

JOHN BULL.

Lord PONSONBY,
Kensington Square, London

DEAR LORD PONSONBY,—I know you are moved by the highest motives in introducing a Bill a permit euthanasia. A person slowly dying of an incurable and agonising disease seems entitled to end it if he wishes.

But——. It's a tremendous "but."

Time and again the doctors are wrong. Men and women for whom they can hold out no hopes of recovery manage to live for many years in reasonable health.

No, we shall need to know a good deal more about our bodies before your scheme of legalised killing can be justified.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT WALLIS,
Kettering

SIR,—You told the Thrapston Men's Fireside that "workers had their origin in the fighting, thieving classes . . .," and that "the capitalists are the only people who have ever done a thing to get us peace, wealth, democracy, or any other good thing whatever."

That was bad history and bad reasoning. I refuse to believe that the men of Thrapston took it seriously. I can't.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
Prime Minister

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Don't worry about the women Tories' demand for an official enquiry into the servant shortage. We all know the reason.

In offices, factories and workshops the job is harder but the pay is usually as good and there's freedom at the end of the day.

Too many mistresses expect servants to be on duty all the waking hours. They have no respect for a girl's privacy, no qualms about bullying.

Would the most outspoken official report persuade them to put their house in order? I doubt it.

JOHN BULL.

JACKIE COOPER,
Hollywood

DEAR JACKIE,—So at the ripe old age of fourteen you are retiring from the screen. I'm sure the step's only temporary.

The fans say you're getting too old to be kissing Wallace Beery. Never mind, perhaps it'll be Garbo next, Jackie.

JOHN BULL.

General BEKIR SIDKY,
Baghdad

GENERAL,—So you fancy yourself as the dictator of Iraq, backed by guns and aeroplanes supplied to your country by a trusting British Government.

You have succeeded in overthrowing a régime friendly to Britain, but let me give you a warning.

Your record is as black as it can be. Three years ago you ordered the massacre of the Assyrian Christians, a crime which shocked the world. You treat dissatisfied tribesmen with similar ruthlessness, boast of a motor-car fitted with a portable gallows.

But the tribesmen are not likely to tolerate autocracy for so long as Germans or Italians!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. O. LANGLEY,
Old Street Magistrate

DEAR MR. LANGLEY,—I was appalled to hear that you sent Elsie Margaret Chamberlain to prison for six months—so that she could get something to eat.

This poor woman of forty-one was an unemployed milliner and her only crime was obtaining 1s. 5½d. by fraud: in other words, she had a meal and couldn't pay for it.

Did you really think that prison fare was the best remedy for the malnutrition from which you were told she was suffering?

JOHN BULL.

Lord BADEN-POWELL,
Paxhill, Hampshire

DEAR CHIEF SCOUT,—Never sleep in a town and you'll keep young at eighty is your advice.

Very good advice, too, but isn't it a bit impracticable for the millions cooped up in our great cities?

JOHN BULL.

Judge DYER,
Birmingham County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—Thanks for teaching high-handed landlordism a lesson.

A dispute arose whether rent on a garage was £3 or £2 10s. Instead of taking the matter to court, the landlord (a man named Gilinsky) put in the bailiffs and distrained on two cars. Now you've ordered him to pay £50 with costs.

That's definitely the stuff to give 'em.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. SARAH JACKSON,
Brighton

DEAR MRS. JACKSON,—Good for you. I see that you brought a dart team of Brighton women to London and beat the men at their own game.

I can remember when the only darts women played were Cupid's.

JOHN BULL.

A Very Special Investigator Looks Into

Ye Olde Cock and Bull

HULLO, cads! How is the old throat feeling? A trifle dry, perchance? But, pray don't mistake me—this is not an invitation. On the contrary, it is a grim warning to those possessed of thirsts not to read this and, above all, not to visit the Inn Signs Exhibition, now on tap in London

Said exhibition, which was duly opened by Sir William Llewellyn, President of the Royal Academy, has been staged to encourage the hanging of decorative signs outside ye olde hostelry. But its chief effect on me was to encourage ye olde parched throate.

The Dewdrop Inn, the Bunch of Grapes, the Jolly Caulkers—confronted with these come-hither names on inviting signboards, even citizens who normally confine their libations to a stiff nobbler of bicarbonate of soda are apt to develop a canakin-clinking complex and a readiness to go rampaging over Sussex with Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Yet here is Sir William Llewellyn, regardless of possible effects on the nation's sobriety, calling upon artists to provide more enticing inn signs and appealing to brewers to encourage the fine old art. "If I were an innkeeper," says Sir William, "I should do my best to make the front of my house as attractive as possible to the passer-by."

And, why not, indeed? In fact, why confine attractive signs to inns? Heaven knows there are other institutions that could do with 'em! Many a weary wayfarer might even be lured into taking a filial interest in our sadly-neglected old Man of Parliaments by the hanging out

THE OLD
COCK AND BULL

of an appropriate sign—perhaps a portrait of good old Sealed Lips Boniface enriched with rhyme:

Come, come, come and make "ayes" for me,
Down at the old Cock and Bull;
Come, come, vote for a rise for me,
Down at the old Cock and Bull!

If the jocund doings thus suggested from without were maintained within—with sawdust on the floor of St. Stephen's Hall, a dartboard behind the Speaker's chair, and a shove-'apenny board where the mace now rests—only the veriest churl would oppose the suggested rise in Ministerial salaries

Introduce to Westminster the warm, companionable atmosphere of the inn, and even the outs, on the Opposition benches, would become jovial blowers of froth and warblers of catches. Nor would the presence of staunch teetotalers like Uncle George Lansbury mar the prevailing spirit of jovial good fellowship. For Uncle George is no spoil-sport, and I can hear him lifting the rafters with the rowdiest of the lads:

Don't sing to me of gin-and-it and such-like noxious poisons;
I'd rather Lady Astor trilled in temperate tones of tea!
I do not want to spoil your fun,
But I'll keep on as I have done—
What's good enough for Nancy, boys, is good enough for me!
So kindly pass a brimming glass of malted milk, yo ho!
Then wet your throats and try your notes and let the chorus go!

Also, with the eye and ear of imagination, I can see and hear the distinguished owner of a rich Scotch burr, holding aloft his flask and rolling his eyes and r's, while solemnly intoning:

The more we are together at the dear old Cock and Bull
The merrier, dear-r-r co-leagues, we will be!
And though electors sometimes think we're selling them a pup,
We'll steadily go on and on, and up and up and up—
So fill your glasses, f-r-r-r-iends and d-r-r-rink with me!

But I fear it's all too good to be true. So any R.A. who thinks of painting a sign for the old Cock and Bull had better give Westminster a miss and offer his masterpiece to Miss Ishbel MacDonald.

Y. Z.

He was always so irritable . . .

Now—not a trace of 'nerves'— because he gets enough

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The 'nerves' that cause people to be difficult and irritable are usually starved nerves. And starved nerves are inevitable among those who neglect their defences. Vital to your defences is *the kind of food you eat*. You may have plenty of food, and good food too, yet be among the many who don't get enough of what are called by doctors the 'protective foods.'

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Milk, eggs, vegetables fresh fruit, are fine protective foods, and form a large part of any well-balanced diet. They are 'protective' because they are rich in minerals and vitamins. Everyone needs a daily supply of these vital food elements. They are essential to the growth and health of every cell of the human body. Yet it is often difficult, especially in winter, to get enough of them. Then vitality ebbs; the whole tone—the resistance—of the body is lowered.

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A sure, simple, and economical way of combating shortage of these vital food elements is to take Bourn-vita. Take it at night, last thing. Bourn-vita is a delicious combination of four protective foods—fresh, full-cream milk and new-laid eggs, barley malt and chocolate. It supplies your system with the much-needed calcium, phosphorus and iron, the essential vitamins A, B and D, so that the body's defences are kept high and your well-being properly protected

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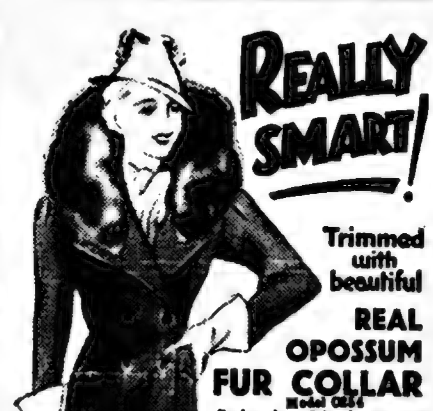

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The King This Week—By John Drinkwater

GUESTS *from the* ENDS *of the* EARTH

A PROBLEM that does not much come into public notice, but one which, nevertheless is a considerable one in the Coronation programme, is that of hospitality for the many foreign notabilities who will attend the celebrations. This is already being organised on an extensive scale, and it presents many ingenious difficulties for the responsible officials. The King himself is in frequent consultation on the matter.

In the first place, there is the question of actual accommodation. Apartments available in the Royal residences, ample though they are, will be quite inadequate for the occasion, and provisional hotel bookings have already been made in various parts of London by the Government.

All the surviving world of monarchy is expected. The Kings of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Greece and Belgium, the Crown Prince of Italy and the Queen or Princess Juliana of Holland will be there, the President of the French Republic, a Commissioner representing President Roosevelt, who by the Articles of the American Constitution is not allowed himself to leave the country during his term of office without the consent of Congress, which has only once been given, and the hereditary or elected heads of many other States.

* * *

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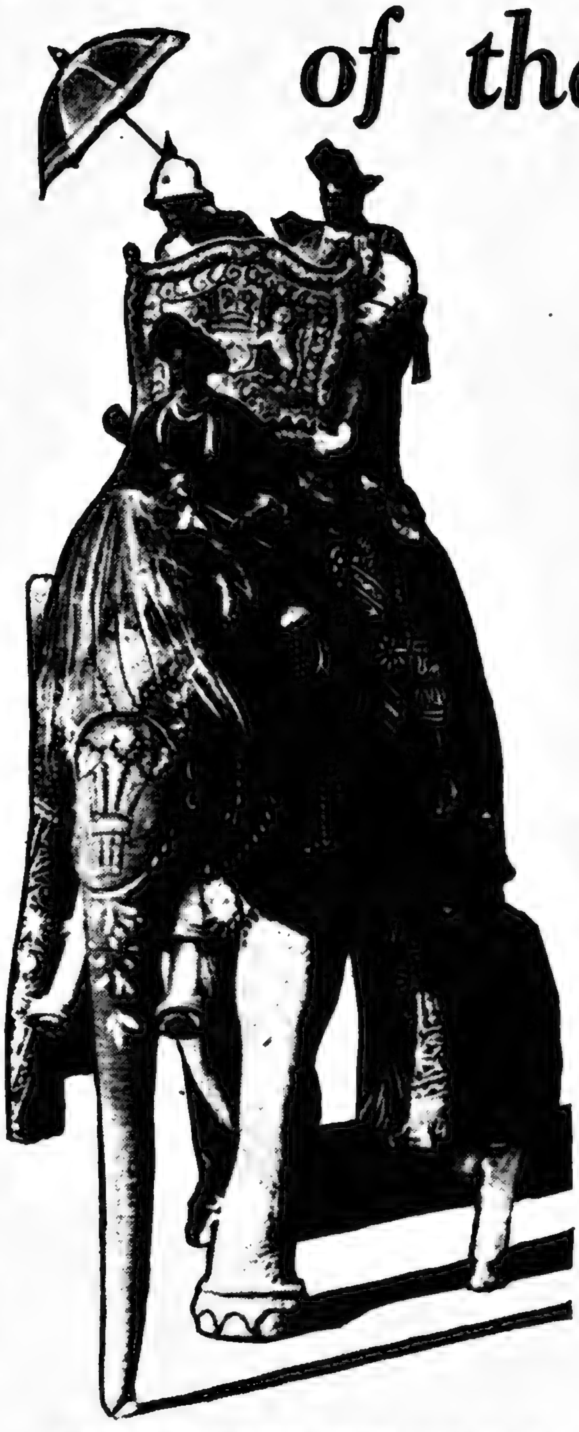

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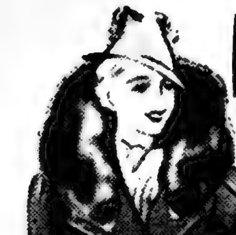

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The King This Week — By John Drinkwater

GUESTS *from the* ENDS *of the* EARTH

A PROBLEM that does not much come into public notice, but one which, nevertheless is a considerable one in the Coronation programme, is that of hospitality for the many foreign notabilities who will attend the celebrations. This is already being organised on an extensive scale, and it presents many ingenious difficulties for the responsible officials. The King himself is in frequent consultation on the matter.

In the first place, there is the question of actual accommodation. Apartments available in the Royal residences, ample though they are, will be quite inadequate for the occasion, and provisional hotel bookings have already been made in various parts of London by the Government.

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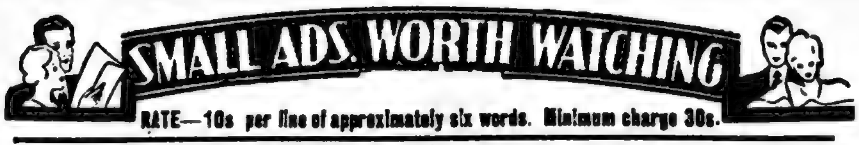

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The Milnes Unit is a reservoir of H.T. current. Water is drawn from a reservoir, but the supply is continually replenished by moorland streams and rainfall. In the same way, H.T. current is drawn from a Milnes Unit to work the set, but it is continually replenished from the L.T. Whenever the set is not in use *the Milnes Unit recharges itself automatically from the L.T.* Therefore, every time the set is switched on full H.T. voltage is available to drive it at maximum efficiency. Provided the L.T. is recharged as necessary, this process will continue, without failure, for years and years.

H.T. SUPPLY AT PRACTICALLY NO COST

L.T. charging is not expensive. Generally speaking, it will be sufficient to have one L.T. cell recharged each week, at a cost of only a few pence. This low cost will provide unlimited, unfailing H.T. current.

Compared with the cost of replacing dry-cell H.T. batteries, the Milnes Unit shows a saving of anything up to 18s. in the £.

It is impossible to give full details of the Milnes Unit here, but, if you will fill in and post the coupon, a very interesting and full-explanatory 24-page book will be sent you, containing, not only information about the Milnes Unit, but also of the amazing 1937 Milnes Receivers.

FIT A
MILNES
H.T. SUPPLY UNIT
AND MAKE YOURS
A "HE-MAN" SET

Irish Free State enquiries only to Kelly & Shiel, Ltd., 48, Fleet St., Dublin, E.C.4.

All other enquiries to Milnes Radio Co., Ltd., Church St., Bingley, Yorks.

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Stick coupon to envelope flap to avoid loss.

POST THIS COUPON

FOR FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOK

MILNES RADIO CO., LTD., CHURCH ST.,
BINGLEY, YORKS.

Please send your FREE BOOK about the Milnes H.T. Supply Unit. No obligation.

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STREET ....

TOWN ....

COUNTY ....

J.9

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Send for special free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70 72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WALLPAPER MAKER'S stock at half-price, from 1½d. roll. Hundreds of Designs, Patterns Free.—Bruce & Hall (J.1), South Shields.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List J.B.1702 free.—Dudley's 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

"JOE DAVIS" Billiard Tables, endorsed by England's Champion Player. Quality Tables. Bargain Prices, 24/- up; easiest terms. Art List free. Dept. BB. RAYMOND Address see "Musical."

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS.—Prices down and low easy terms. Garden Sheds. Greenhouses. Garages. Write for Free List.—C Albert & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

BABY CLOTHES. — EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and Welfare centres. 75-garment Layette with full-size shawl, 30/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pel. on appro. (Cash or Terms). — Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

THE CHEAPEST 20/- worth on the market—2 Heavy Weight Flannelette Blankets; 2 Real Bolton Sheets; 2 Pillow cases; 1 Bolster Case. The parcel complete, carr. paid, for 20/-.—THE RECORD SUPPLY CO., 53, Victoria Street, LONDON, S.W.1.

COMFORTABLE ECONOMY.—The 1937 Catalogue just issued by Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Woodsley Rd., Leeds, and available to all free on request, should be exceedingly useful to many of our readers who will now be replacing worn-out articles about the home and looking round to see what is needed to ensure their comfort through the winter months. It contains illustrations of hosts of real bargains in goods of every variety for the household, including Carpets, Rugs, Blankets, Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linen, Towels, Bedding, etc.

FREE.—Illustrated particulars of the complete range of High Beam self-lighting Gas Fires. Every reader should fill in the coupon on page 29, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Radiation, Ltd., Dept. 649, 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. The warmth of a High Beam self-lighting Gas Fire is soft, penetrating and healthy. No bother about matches, either—it lights itself when the tap is turned on.

DO you use an ACME PORTABLE Wringer-mangle? Write for free illus. booklet 17a, describing all models, mentioning *John Bull*, to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David St., Glasgow, S.E. See p. 27

YOU can get a 3-valve battery operating Murphy Set for £6 7s. 6d. This and other models available on hire-purchase terms. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts, for catlg., etc. See p. 31.

FOR the small sum of 3/- down you can obtain the excellent coats offered in the Marshall Ward advert. on page 37. With the facility of such easy payments send your order now and use the coupon.

FREE.—A wonderful Christmas Number, which not only contains stories by famous authors, but also offers valuable gifts of furniture to every reader. Turn to page 14, fill in the free coupon, and post to DRAGES (Dept. *John Bull*), 73/77, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POULTRY KEEPING.

POULTRY-PROFIT. — Make your poultry more profitable by getting "The Feathered World Year-Book, 1936." The complete poultry-keeper's guide. Everything you want to know about buying, selling and breeding. Over 100 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. To obtain a copy, send 2/6 to "The Feathered World." Dept. J.B.1, 9, Arundel St., Ldn., W.C.2.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, DRUMS and all Access., Trumpets, Guitars, etc. Send 1d. p.c. wonderful new 1937 60-p. cat.—Terms., J.B. RAYMOND CO., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

THE reliability of Bush Superhet Sets is renowned. They can be obtained from as low as 3/1 a week. Fill in the coupon on page 6 for free descriptive details of the 4-valve [illegible] Superhet.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4

DON'T WEAR a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (240G), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE Sample of Cephos will quickly convince you of effectiveness of this Harley Street Physician's remedy for Colds and Influenza. Does not affect heart. Safe and certain. Send p.c., CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.23), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

BRONCHIAL Tubes, Chest, Lungs. Send for free samp. Jowett's Wonder HERBAL BEANS mean easy breathing. Large box 1/3, post free. —JOWETT'S Health Stores, MORECAMBE.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "G.," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

FREE sample of WINCARNIS, the wonder tonic wine. Fill in coupon on p. 20 and enclose 4½d. stamps to cover cost of post and pkg.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3d. WEEKLY for LIMITED PERIOD provides free cremation at any crematorium. Anxiety relieved. Complete details FREE from BCA Cremation Society, 23, Nottingham Place, London, W.1.

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—SECRETARY, PIONEER SALES, 18, CHRISTCHURCH RD., WINCHESTER.

FREE to *John Bull* readers. Three Famous Illustrated Books on Better Health, Improved Physique and Stature Greater Strength.—Carne Inst., Rhiwbina, Cardiff, S. Wales.

A NEW, simple, interesting and fascinating hobby—make your own electric clock. Full details appear on page 33.

£25 FOR ONLY ONE LINE! £50 cash prizes in all! This is offered by the makers of Zubes in a quick and easy competition on page 37.

A NEW Herbal Night-cap Drink. Don't overlook the Masona ad. on p. 41. A 1/- bottle makes 12 drinks. Use coupon to order trial bottle.

IF you want to keep your dentures fresh and clean, accept the free sample offer of Dr. Wernet's Powder on page 46. Fill in the coupon.

A 3-BOTTLE sample case of Mason's Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences will be sent in return for the coupon on page [illegible] together with 9d. in stamps.

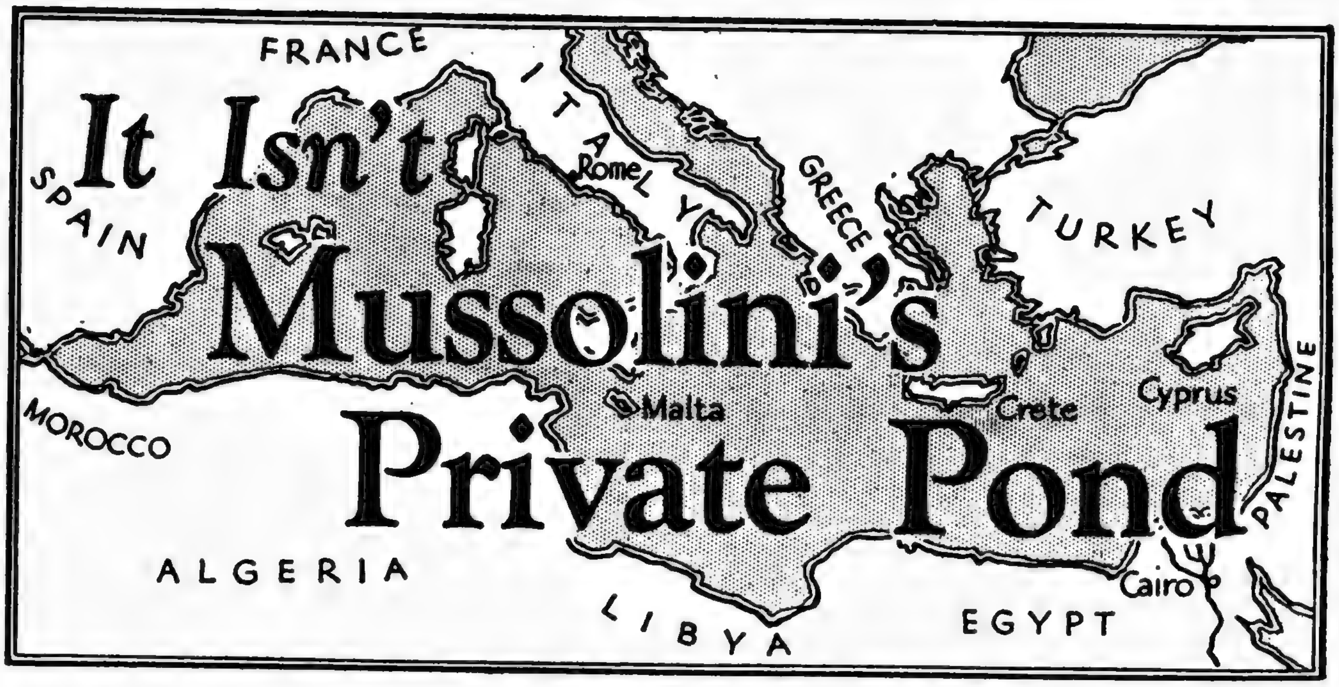
FREE! Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.3, Homepride Mills, Birkenhead, for a free booklet containing a selection of excellent recipes and cooks. of inestimable value to housewives and cooks. See p. 35.

FREE.—De Luxe Beauty Outfit containing TOKALON preparations (powder and cream). Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd., Dept. 222T, Chase Rd., London, N.W.10. This offer appears on p. 43.

SAMPLES of Kotalko for the hair and Kotalko Soap are offered to all those who suffer with hair troubles. Use the coupon on page 37.

A FREE offer to all who eat Quaker Oats. Cut out the Quaker figures from the front of two packets of Quaker Oats (or Quick Quaker), attach to and send with the special coupon on p. 30, when you will receive a free copy of a 128-p. book, "The Master Book of Detection and Disguise." Over 100 cash prizes are also offered to readers in this book, so get yours right away!

It Isn't Mussolini's Private Pond



By A. G. GARDINER

It is a sound rule not to answer a fool according to his folly, and Mr. Anthony Eden was wise to observe it when he turned the hose on Mussolini's latest fireworks. Whether the Bravo of Rome wants a quarrel or a deal with this country is not apparent from his noisy fulminations at Milan.

He is so much given to shouting at the top of his voice and shaking his mailed fist at Europe that his real intentions are lost in the roar of his speech and the clouds of dust he raises.

Two motives seem to be struggling with each other in his stormy breast. One is to make our blood run cold with fear at what will happen if we do not behave ourselves and come to heel. The other is a sort of suggestion that we can escape the judgment day by "a swift recognition of reciprocal interests."

If this is not done, he tells us, if we should really have the idea of strangling the life of the Italian people in the Mediterranean, "*which is the Sea of Rome*, the whole people would immediately jump to its feet like one man, ready to fight with a decision which would have a rare precedence in history."

Mr. Eden did well not to exchange threats with the Dictator, but if Mussolini will read between the lines he will understand that his sovereignty of the Mediterranean will never be tolerated by this country or Europe. The Mediterranean is not the Sea of Rome, not a private pond of Mussolini.

It is one of the great thoroughfares of the world. It was made so first by the enterprise and genius of the great Frenchman who engineered the Suez Canal.

It has been maintained so with a strict impartiality that has made its waters as free to all as the waters of the Pacific or the Atlantic.

It will be maintained so in the future by the will of all the nations that need it and use it.

IMPUDENT

Mussolini is good enough to say that he "does not mean to threaten the route, and does not propose to interrupt it." That is kind of him, but we do not ask his guarantee of the security of the world's highway. And if Mussolini imagines that he can appropriate the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to the Suez and make all the shipping of the world pass through on his permit, no time must be lost in disabusing his mind of so insane an ambition.

The freedom of the Mediterranean is one of the vital interests of the world. In challenging that freedom Mussolini would not be in conflict with this country alone.

It is true that this country, with its route to Egypt, India and the East at stake, would have most to lose. But there is not a seafaring nation on the earth, from Holland to Japan, and from Australia to the United States, which would not take up so impudent a challenge to the freedom of the seas and so gross an outrage to the liberties of all peoples.

It must not be assumed because this audacity follows so closely on Mussolini's negotiations with Hitler that Germany has given any encouragement to his hostile attitude to Britain in the Mediterranean. That is not tenable on two grounds.

In the first place, German commerce has as much interest in the common property of the Middle Sea as the commerce of France or the commerce of Britain has. Germany would no more consent to Mussolini making the Mediterranean an Italian lake than she would consent to Russia making the Baltic a Russian lake.

And in the next place Hitler is far more concerned to get the good will of this country than he is to get the good will of Italy.

He is under no misapprehension as to which Power counts for most on the chessboard of Europe; and he knows quite well how brittle and insecure his relations are with the rival dictators.

Austria still lies an ultimate bone of contention between them, and Mussolin's conquettings with Hungary cast their shadow over the future. Nothing is less likely than that Hitler would wish to antagonise us in the Mediterranean in the interests of Italy.

The probability, indeed, is that, in so far as Mussolini can be said to have qualified his bluster, he has done so at the prompting of Germany. His talk of "a swift recognition of reciprocal interests" is taken to be an overture for an agreement in the Mediterranean which would enable him to get what he can—the cession of Malta, which on the Italian maps is "temporarily in British possession," for example—before our re-armament is completed.

JUST DOPE

No one here would object to a discussion about the Mediterranean, though the case for such a discussion is not visible to the naked eye. There is no more conflict between British interests and Italian interests in the Mediterranean than there is between French and Italian interests. Italy has precisely the same freedom that we all have. If she wants more, she is asking for what she cannot have.

But if Mussolini's aim is to impress his country with the idea that he has extracted a Mediterranean agreement from us, I see no harm in giving him that satisfaction, if France and the other interested Powers are agreeable.

It must be remembered that he is an actor who must ceaselessly dazzle and astonish his people with the appearance of triumphs in order to keep his seat in the saddle.

His bluster is for home consumption, and the need for it grows as the miseries of his country increase.

WINTRY

That need was never greater than now. The Abyssinian adventure has left Italy with a mountain of debt and a white elephant on her hands. Winter is ahead; unemployment is rife, food scarce, economic conditions at the lowest ebb.

Something must be done to give the people a new thrill, a new Barmecide feast; and what more spectacular than a broadside against Britain and a cry of: "Hands off the Mediterranean" to the world at large?

This is the main motive, but not the only motive for his attack on Britain. His Napoleonic dream of rebuilding the Roman Empire around the shores of the Mediterranean is the clue to all his actions. It is Britain which stands most conspicuously in the way of achievement.

Hence his hostility to this country and the mischievous activities of his agents in Palestine and among the Arabs.

Wherever we are on the Mediterranean littoral he seeks to make trouble for us, much as the French once did until we reached the settlement that gave us peace in Egypt by conceding Morocco to French influence.

HOME FRONT

Our policy under this provocation is to keep a firm front and a cool temper. We shall surrender nothing of the freedom of the Mediterranean to Italy or to any Power. Nor shall we claim any privilege there that all do not share in common.

Subject to this, let us do nothing that will cast a shadow over the coming conference of the five Western Powers.

With a new Locarno, securing collective and organised peace in Western Europe, there will be a chance at last for all of us to think less about foreign affairs and turn to the redress of those domestic evils which should be the chief concern of statesmanship.

★ Politics and You

The COST of LIVING

The Ministry of Labour has announced that the Cost of Living Index Number for October was 48.

All of you must have noticed from time to time similar statements to this in the newspapers, often with the added information that it represents a rise or fall of so many points.

And some of you, those whose wages are reckoned on a sliding scale based on the cost of living, have also found it make a difference, one way or the other, in the money in your pay envelope on Friday night.

* * *

What is this mysterious number, so powerful apparently for good or ill? Employers watch it anxiously, trade union leaders follow it closely, and, sometimes, it works great havoc with our pay? How is it arrived at?

Briefly and simply, it is the method adopted by the Government to indicate just how much an average working-class family now has to spend to live, compared with what it used to spend just before the war.

From all over the country, towns, cities, and villages, month by month, town clerks, employment exchange managers, grocers, drapers, and others, send in to Whitehall particulars of the retail prices being charged in working-class districts for food, clothing, rent, fuel, light, fares, tobacco, soap, soda and domestic articles like kettles, crockery and brushes.

These are all carefully tabulated by the Ministry, scaled according to their importance in the family budget, and eventually reduced by a mathematical calculation to a single comparison with 100, which is assumed to have been the total cost of the same items in 1914.

An index Number 50, therefore, would mean that 30s. would buy to-day no more than 20s. would before the war.

Prices rose rapidly during the war. In November, 1920, the Index Number showed that the cost of living was nearly three times above the pre-war level.

* * *

It dropped, however, in the years that followed until in 1933 living was only about one-third more expensive than before the war. Now it is going up once more. Prices are nearly half as much again as in July, 1914.

Three years ago the British Medical Association estimated the minimum food requirements of a family of five (at the cheapest prices) to be 22s. 7d. a week. To-day, the same minimum costs 31s.

That Sealed Surprise

John Bull families throughout the land will be made brighter and happier by our great Presentation, "The Big Christmas Wonder Book."

This week readers have a further opportunity of sending for the finest volume for boys and girls ever produced, a book that will keep them fascinated and interest them for years to come.

But there is no time to lose.

"The Big Christmas Wonder Book" is as magnificent as its name suggests. It has 768 large pages—a treasury of stories and pictures by authors and artists whose names are household words.

There are old favourites and new, fairy stories, legends, modern wonder stories, tales from the world's great books, epics of adventure and invention, fantasy, mystery and magic.

Here are lovely art plates—more than ever—glowing in full colours; in all, the volume has 350 drawings by noted artists.

And here's a Big Surprise! In the centre of the volume is a Thrilling Surprise Section—in full colours. What can it be? The youngsters—and even the grown-ups—will be delighted when the seal is broken.

You would gladly pay £1 1s. for such a work as this, yet it can be yours for the remarkable Presentation price of only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing and insurance, etc For those who prefer it there is, for just a little extra, a lovely de luxe edition in Rich Blue figured Art. Leather Turn to page 4 and reserve your copy to-day.

Middle-Age Postponed!

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Helps You stay Young

Time comes to every woman—usually between the ages of 40 and 50—when she must have a tonic that will really help her. It is then she should turn to Wincarnis. For many, many years Wincarnis has been sustaining women at this time of life.

For Wincarnis supplies the essential properties you need. Rich red wine to enrich the blood, the essence of prime beef to nourish the body, vitamin malt extract to strengthen the nervous system. You'll feel the benefit of Wincarnis from the very first wineglassful. It will make you *feel* happier, bring lasting new energy.

Take Wincarnis regularly—especially that "night-cap" glass which will encourage the natural, healthy sleep you need so badly. You will find that Wincarnis will take you over the bad period in a woman's life quicker and without any nervous trouble. But be sure you get *Wincarnis*—cheap inferior products cannot be so good.

RICH RED WINE, PRIME BEEF ESSENCE, VITAMIN MALT EXTRACT —WINCARNIS IS LITERALLY CONCENTRATED GOODNESS...

"She had lost her grip on life," said the Nurse, describing this case

Is it like yours?

"Nothing seemed to matter to her . . . it was just as though life had ended for her. Yet she was only forty-five. Sometimes she'd have little bursts of temper but then she'd sink back into listlessness again. I knew what would do her good—I put her on a course of Wincarnis. It wasn't long before she was beginning to take a new interest in life again, and her usual good temper returned. Before I left she was looking and feeling her normal self. Wincarnis is a wonder worker at this time of life."

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Write to-day for free trial bottle of Wincarnis, to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. A.D. 25, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Wincarnis will do you good.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

Suffered 2 Years with night Sickness

How Mrs. Mac found relief at last!

What a desperate and depressing state to be in! Night after night of pain and sickness; and strength and vitality gradually lowered, because the food that would have given Mrs. Mac the nourishment she needed could not be kept down. Mrs. Mac's letter tells how her stomach troubles vanished like an ugly dream.

Costly remedies failed

"From July 1934 to January 1936 I suffered dreadfully with stomach trouble. Never did I miss a night of vomiting. It would last at least an hour, and on most nights end with hæmorrhage.

"My son begged me to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I needed no persuasion, as I suffered so much. After using a bottle I felt better, from the second there was great improvement. Now the sickness has almost ceased, and if I feel the least inconvenience I take just a small dose, and get instant relief.

"I am so grateful, after spending so much money on costly remedies without relief, to find something to help me."

—Mrs. Winifred Mac, Woking.

However painful and persistent a stomach disorder has been, it readily yields to the specialised remedy that has saved thousands from a life of invalidism.

Beware of cheap substitutes

MACLEAN
Brand
Stomach
Powder
Alex. C. Maclean

You can tell the original **MACLEAN BRAND** Stomach Powder, on which you can depend for quick and certain relief, by the signature "**Alex. C. Maclean**" on the bottle and the carton. It is never sold loose. All chemists sell it in Powder or Tablet form at 1/3, 2/- or 5/-.

Look for the Signature— Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

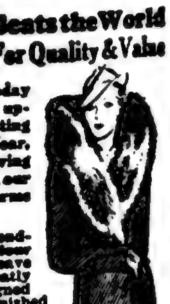
Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

ROUGH SORE HANDS?

soothe them with Snowfire Tablet

3d. Family Size 7½d.
Soft Snowfire in tins 3d.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

WINSTON A thoroughly dependable All Wool Velour of an attractive diagonal weave has been chosen for this neatly tailored coat, which is designed in the newest fashion, and finished in all its details with exceptional care. The back of the garment is of novel and tasteful design, and the sleeves are of the latest shape. The garment is lined throughout with Art. Silk Twill to tone, & is mounted with a sumptuous long-haired Lamb Fur collar of rich appearance and reliable quality. Coat shades: Bottle Green, Dark Wine, Nigger, Navy, & Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38ins; Lengths: 46 to 50ins. Price **39/11**

Terms: 4/6 Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return of post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Housewives! Get a copy of this Wonderful New Cookery Book.
A Free Booklet containing a selection of recipes is offered free to readers in the Homepride Flour advert. on p. 35.

GIBRALTAR
and the Spanish Rebels...

Searching a Spanish refugee at the British frontier at Gibraltar where Sir Charles Harington (left) is Governor

We Demand the Truth!

M.Ps of all Parties should unite to find out the truth of the many disquieting rumours that are now circulating in this country and abroad regarding Gibraltar, Britain's shield in the Mediterranean, and the part the Rock has played in the Spanish Civil War.

Britons have always looked on Gibraltar as a place where no intrigues could flourish; where under the Union Jack justice reigned paramount; and where international law and Britain's obligations to it were considered sacred.

It is because of the high traditions of Gibraltar that Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Secretary of State for the Colonics, should confer immediately with General Sir Charles Harington, Governor of the Rock.

Together they should sift these reports to the bottom.

Should they find that British hospitality has been outraged, or that a single British official has failed in his duty, they can be safely relied on to deal with the matter with a severity that a nation's damaged credit would demand.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

It is being widely stated in France that it was at Gibraltar in the first place that the bloody Spanish civil war plot was hatched.

Rebel leaders, say certain French political circles, used to come from Ceuta, Spanish Morocco, and meet their fellow-conspirators in Gibraltar.

There, at their leisure and safe under the British flag, the plot that was to bring ruin to a friendly Government was conceived and brought to fruition.

The plotters were not soldiers alone. They included in their number Catholic priests who, beneath priestly garb, hid a loathing for the liberal and anti-clerical Government that was established in Madrid. These men used their ecclesiastical rank as a reason for seeking permission to take refuge in Gibraltar.

Many of the conspirators were refugees. Britain is proud of her ability to shelter the suffering and the outcast, no matter what their creed or station; but the widespread reports that certain refugees, seeking Britain's charity, at the same time outraged it by plotting on British territory demands the fullest enquiry.

Again, what can be the truth of the tale that many supporters of the Spanish Government who fled to Gibraltar to escape murder at the hands of the Fascist rebels were treated with but scant courtesy, compared with the elegant reception extended to rebel refugees a few weeks earlier?

The Spanish area round Gibraltar is in the hands of the Fascist rebels, led by General Quiepo de Llano, whose vinous broadcasts have made him and his army an object of contempt among men of good repute.

"My headquarters is like a tavern," he shouted over the radio recently, and it was to escape from him and his licentious Moor mercenaries that a little army of Spanish Government supporters fled to Gibraltar.

They sought the shelter of the Rock, just as in previous weeks opponents of the Spanish Government had hurried to Gibraltar to escape legal proceedings at the hands of the Spanish Government.

Were the interests of these Government refugees watched with the same care and solicitude as were those of the monarchists and priests of the earlier exodus?

Is there any truth in the suggestion that the Government - supporting refugees were treated as objects of suspicion and that everything was done to get them out of the way as soon as possible?

Large numbers of British subjects live in La Linea, the Spanish town that adjoins Gibraltar. Their lives are bound up in Spain, but their nationality is British.

Is it a fact that one British citizen, whose sympathies happened to be with the Spanish Government against the Fascists, was ordered to return to his home at La Linea by the Gibraltar authorities, who told him that all was orderly in Spain and that he could not stay in Gibraltar any longer?

Is it a fact that he, a man who trusted in Britain's word, was seized on his return by Fascists, who beat him most brutally, kicked him into a state of unconsciousness, and flung him into a cell with two other British subjects who had been similarly treated?

Is it a fact that officials of the Gibraltar police had to dash to La Linea to save him lest worse happened?

Is it a fact that, after all this, the Gibraltar authorities insisted once again on his returning, bruised and battered, to his home in Spain, with the advice that it would be as well if he said nothing to anyone of his beating?

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Again, we demand to know if the authorities in Gibraltar have received information of the sacking of a British subject's house over the Spanish border, despite the Union Jack hanging over his door as a sign to all that this was an Englishman's home, and that Britain was at his back.

Is it a fact or is it a lie that the Union Jack was torn down by Spanish Fascists, trodden underfoot and spat on while the British citizen's house was wrecked and plundered?

Is it true that for some time past Spanish rebel leaders have crossed from Spain into Gibraltar and back again without let or hindrance, although the part they were playing in Spain was known to all?

There are some who go further and say that some rebel leaders at one time slept each night in Gibraltar and went back to Spain each day to carry on their task of bringing down the legally constituted Madrid Government

These are some of the grave questions which we want cleared up as a result of alarming information reaching us from officials, soldiers, sailors and reputable visitors.

Sir Charles Harington must act at once. Britain has every confidence in him. He can sift these stories to the bottom, and he must deal fearlessly with any of his subordinates if he finds that they have allowed the nearness of the rebels in Spain to cause them to deviate in any way from the path of duty that is laid down for British officials.

BABY HOME DISCLOSURES

BY the well-considered action of the Public Health Committee of Bristol, the Oakfield and St. Anne's Nursery College at Henbury Court is closed down.

Mrs. Ruth Holmes, the principal, as has been widely reported, was proceeded against in the Bristol Police Court on the grounds that she was an unfit person to have the care of children.

During the hearing, allegations were made of diabolical punishments which were denied by her solicitor.

Now within a few days of the court decision to remove 20 children from her care, Mrs. Holmes and her husband have departed from Bristol.

The only guardian of Henbury Court is a bailiff. He is there to safeguard the furniture and effects because of many judgments for debt against Mrs. Holmes.

Many interesting facts lie behind the forced winding-up of this ambitious effort to run a luxury nursery home.

When she came to Bristol, Mrs. Holmes advertised for probationers to enter for a one-year period of training in children's nursing.

Fees charged were seventy-two guineas. There were on occasions as many as eighteen probationers under instruction.

Similarly, children were obtained by advertisement. Payment for the children ranged between one and two pounds a week, according to the position of the parents.

Yet she owed, at one time, £68 for rates. The water to the house was cut off and so was the telephone.

Other debts accumulated from many sources. The whole business was nearing finality when the Bristol City Council stepped in with its prosecution.

Before she moved to Bristol, Mrs. Holmes had conducted nursery colleges or kindred institutions at Bath, Burnham-on-Sea, and East Harptree.

The husband of Mrs. Holmes—formerly a language master at a public school—acted as secretary to the Oakfield and St. Anne's Nursery College, but he had no responsibility for its conduct.

JOHN BULL has received a letter, which purports to be written by the husband, although it bears no signature.

"I will say at the outset," is a statement in this letter "that no one is in a position to give you the full facts of her side of the matter, but myself, who am her husband."

An allegation is made in this remarkable communication to the effect as follows:—

"The real reason why this case was brought (the application against Mrs. Holmes) was because the Oakfield and St. Anne's Nursery College was too strong a competitor for a similar institution run by the Bristol Corporation, namely, the Dowend Babies' Home.

"Since 1933, when my wife commenced business in Bath with three students and five children, the numbers have increased until they were 22 and 21, respectively, before the crash came."

Now a sale of furniture and effects in Henbury Court will mark the end of this sorry enterprise.

"Magic Gas" Man Again

JOHN EDWARD BRADLEY, whom we recently exposed, when, among other things, he was going to revolutionise the motor transport industry with a "magic gas" substitute for petrol, is in the limelight again.

He has just appeared in Blackburn County Court to answer judgment summonses.

A few months ago Bradley was circularising people to the effect that if they invested £100 in a pet scheme of his the return would be £10,000 in fifty weeks. Now he is ruefully admitting that he has asked the companies from whom he was buying furniture on hire-purchase to take back their goods!

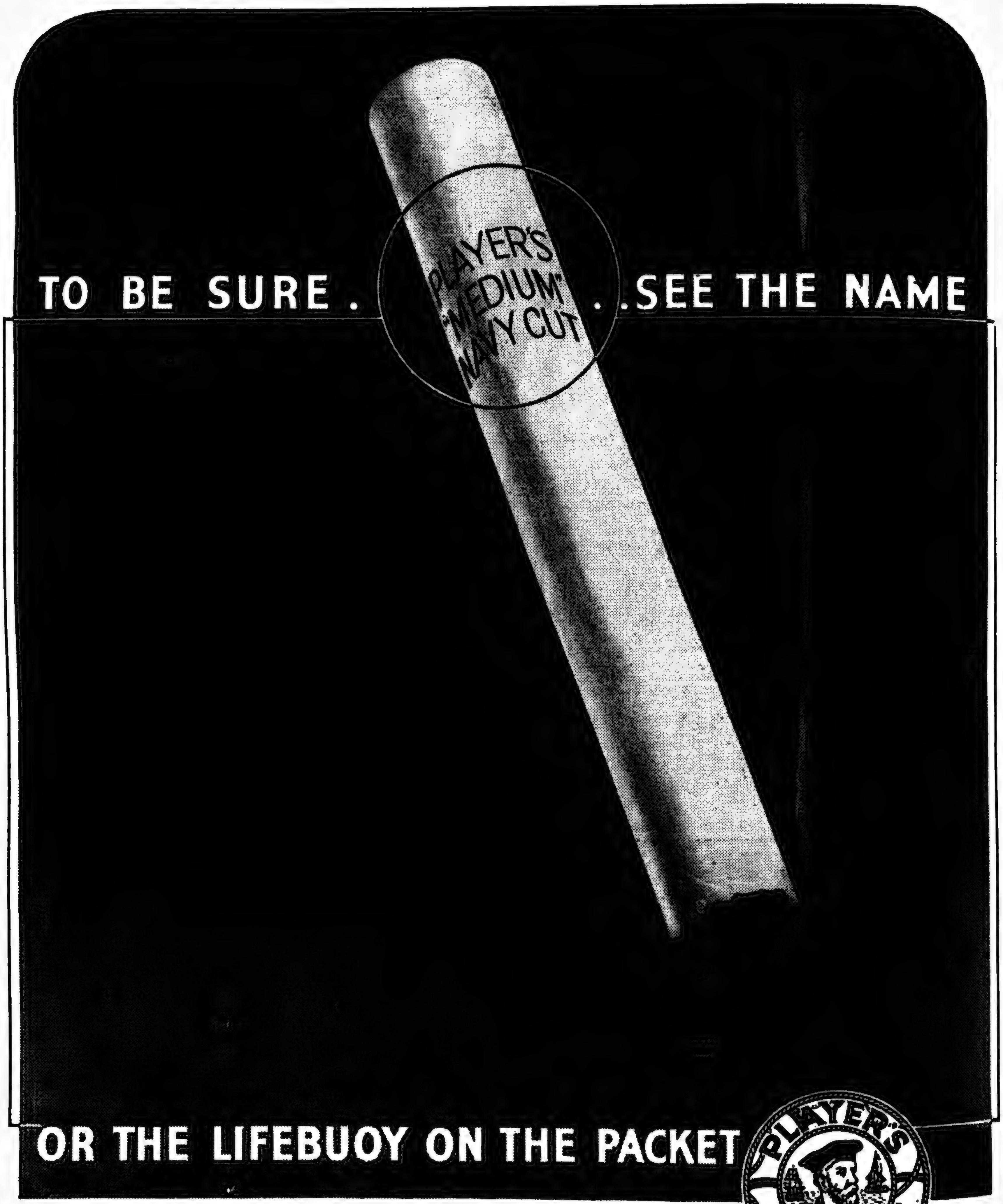
Our exposure of his scheme, launched under the title of "Duncan Wrayburn Securities," is thus shown to be fully justified.

In Blackburn County Court, Bradley admitted that he was in business as a fishing-tackle manufacturer; that he had advertised as a newspaper competition solutionist; and that he had also entered into partnership with a man as a lyric writer!

Altogether the judgment summonses against Bradley amounted to £90, and he was ordered to pay £2 a month.

To a man of his much-boasted ability, such a small amount should prove a mere bagatelle.

But we advise him to forget the various get-rich-quick schemes with which he has attempted to extract money from a long-suffering public, and get down to a job of work.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NCC363A

WHAT PARSONS *Don't* KNOW . . .

Perhaps Swaffer and the Bishop of London could be frank with each other—they are old friends. But most parsons are prisoners inside their dog-collars

Hannen Swaffer Tells Them

MILLIONS of people were listening-in the other Sunday afternoon. Howard Marshall, having interviewed prominent divines on " Should the Church lead? " was reporting what they had said.

Millions of listeners were amazed to hear that, when asked, " Is a stockbroker in the South likely to be told about Jarrow by his parson?" the Archbishop of York had replied, " Probably the parson would not know much about it himself."

Well, one parson got worried about this. The Rev. Laurence Newell, the rector of Claydon, near Ipswich, had been listening-in. He wrote to me:

" I was struck by Howard Marshall's question about the clergy becoming more closely acquainted with the problem of the distressed areas," he said. " I rang up a friend of mine, Streeter, rector of the chief church in Ipswich, arranging to meet him next day. Then I suggested that we went together to some place such as Jarrow, got in touch with someone there who would show us round, then, from first-hand, if short, experience tell our congregations what we had seen. Where should we go? With whom should we get in touch?"

I turned up the Rev. Laurence Newell in Crockford's Directory. He had been a curate in Handsworth, Birmingham, a chaplain with the Middlesex Regiment for two years during the war, and then a curate at Horsham, in Sussex. Then, after working for the Waifs and Strays Society in the dioceses of Winchester and Salisbury, he went to Claydon, where, I see, his net income is £670 and a house, and where the population is only 1,239.

* * *

Now Handsworth, Horsham, Winchester, Claydon and a good salary—for a parson—are not the sort of circumstances that train you for an understanding of Jarrow, which has been condemned to worklessness for forty more years, the Means Test, grim unemployment. . . .

But this parson, no doubt shocked by what he heard on the air, wanted to know. So did his friend.

People will applaud them for their desire to face the facts. But what of parsons generally?

Unless they live in slum areas—and, if they do, it is no good preaching about poverty, because their congregations know from grim experience and are sick of it—who is to tell them?

Who, indeed, ever tells a parson any truth? He is shut off from the world by his uniform, which protects his ears from bad language, yes, and generally from frankness and truth.

If you and I were sitting in a railway carriage, discussing anything from geology to George Robey, and a parson came in, we should change automatically.

You and I regard him as a class apart. Not one of you is natural. We wonder about him. . . .

To some people the parson is an almoner. To some he is a person far away, living somewhere in the clouds. To others he is a nagger and a spoilsport. Actually, of course, he is a human being, usually one who seeks to serve, frequently one who wants to know.

But no one tells him!

There are, in the country, millions of poor people enduring awful woes. " What do the Churches care? " they ask.

Now some of the parsons would like to know. They have hearts like anybody else, and, potentially, they are a power for good that might change the world.

But how can they learn anything?

Jesus of Nazareth, according to the Bible story, mixed with the poor and the sinful. He went with them into places which, to-day, would be public-houses and cinemas and football grounds. He shared their daily lives.

He seems to have disliked the well-to-do and the respectable. Yet it is the well-to-do and the respectable with which, to-day, many, many parsons surround themselves, and outside whose lives they see nothing.

* * *

There are exceptions, mind. I know parsons who march valiantly in the ranks of Progress, bearing a torch, braving the stones and the ribaldry. They are the salt of the earth.

But most of the others, even if they hear of the suffering, even if people tell them we are all blundering into another war, will merely say, " What can the Church do? We cannot lead. We cannot agree ourselves."

I know what will happen to the Rev. Laurence Newell. He and his friend, the Ipswich parson, will go up to Jarrow, where I have already arranged that they shall be shown everything there is to see.

Their minds will, for a day or two, be paralysed by the stories of destitution poured into their ears. They will meet people who have lived on starvation diet for so long that if someone gives them a decent meal, they vomit because their stomachs are unused to wholesome food. They will see the dullness in the eyes of men who have stood about the streets for eight years, doing nothing. They will see the listless footsteps of children who have never known what it is to sit down to a feed of gravy, meat and juicy vegetables. And they will meet mothers who, for years, have gone hungry so that their children can have a little more to eat.

Now and then, their souls will become inflamed with the injustice of it all. They will ask themselves, " What is the remedy?'

Perhaps they will decide that a remedy is hard to find. That would be natural. But, anyway, they will go back to Ipswich, and to Claydon, and tell what they have seen. And they will remember the words used by Ernest Bevin, a few weeks ago, at a vast Labour meeting, " I must remind any parsons here that their great Leader used to feed the multitudes before He preached to them."

Yes, for the first time for years, at least, they will have faced the facts of tribulation going on in distressed areas far from the smiling fields of the English countryside.

Jarrow will tell them. It has no fear of clerical garb. It judges parsons not by what they preach but by what they do, just as most of my readers judge them.

I sometimes think that the world would change a bit more quickly if all parsons behaved as some modern ones do—I mean, if they threw away their uniforms and mixed freely with the masses.

* * *

They would not find that they were " miserable sinners." People are not miserable sinners, even if they say so when they go to church. They are nearly all of them good-natured, kindly folk, the victims of things they cannot control, made to seem nasty and bitter, now and then, because of their struggling, forced to seem cantankerous and rude because of all the uncertainty and the misery which form their daily lives

Yet, within them all, there is a spark of divine goodness. Circumstances almost snuff it out, now and then. But it still burns on Nothing can extinguish it, because it is Life itself. It is because of that that the world improves.

Dick Sheppard knows that. George Lansbury knows that. Woodbine Willie knew it. There are lesser-known ministers in all the churches who understand, also.

But many of them are sheltered too much in comfortable rectories. Many of them are superior. Many of them worry too much about what the Early Fathers of the Church said. Many of them wrangle too much about theologics which concern nobody but themselves.

That is why their congregations are declining. That is why, more and more, people turn deaf ears to what they say.

Jarrow should not march to London. All the parsons should march to Jarrow. The Church has little to teach Jarrow Jarrow has a lot to teach the Church.

JUST A HUMAN STORY

Ship o' Memories

AN old ferry-boat is for sale—cheap. Applications must be made to her owner, Captain S. J. Shippick.

She has carried hundreds of thousands of passengers from Southend to Rochester and Sheerness in the last three and a half years. And back. She always got them back all right.

But some of them undoubtedly grumbled about her. Too slow. After all, 11½ knots isn't enough. And the bloom has been knocked off her as well. Those ugly dents in her only funnel and the steel plates that patched her wooden decks didn't improve her any.

She's bound to go cheap. Captain Shippick is the last man who would deceive a buyer about those points. He says quite plainly: " She is too slow for modern requirements."

Captain Shippick. . . . The name will recall something to people who remember one episode of the war. " Wasn't he the man —? "

Why of course he was. He served on that wonderful little ship *Daffodil*, whose exploits the late King George V enthused over. Little *Daffodil* went out with mighty H.M.S. *Vindictive* to raid the Mole at Zeebrugge, and covered herself with glory as much as any ship.

Daffodil limped home with part of her tunnel shot away, yawning holes blown in her. But her story will be told for all time on the pages of history.

Royal Daffodil she became after that. It was the King's orders.

As *Daffodil* she had helped to maintain a ferry service before the war between Liverpool and New Brighton. As *Royal Daffodil* she resumed it.

Until Captain Shippick came along to buy her and make her his very own. Then —well, that is the tragedy.

The old ferry-boat that is for sale, cheap; damaged funnel; steel patches in decks, but as game a ship as ever put to sea for all those disadvantages, is the *Royal Daffodil*—no less.

" She is too slow for modern requirements." Commercial candour insists that that shall be her epitaph.

" I am sorry she has to go," says Captain Shippick. " She has such memories for me."

You have got to know how vast and unbounded is a sailor's love of his craft, and how weak and faltering he is in telling what he feels about it, to realise exactly what those words mean.

PALESTINE:

Land Flowing with

TERROR *and* T

British armoured cars and an R.A.F. plane out in pursuit of Arab rebels after the recent outbreak of rioting

SIX Commissions have been sent from England to Palestine during the past sixteen years to investigate mass murders, arson, rioting and general unrest in the "Holy Land," and to examine the "grievances" of Arabs and Jews in that strife-ridden country.

A seventh Commission is now on the way to enquire into the worst disorders of all—six months of armed terror, devastation and destruction in which 314 people, Arabs, Jews and Christians, including 21 British soldiers and policemen, have been murdered, thousands of men, women and children injured, and hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of property destroyed.

Something like 80 per cent. of the Palestine Government officials are Arabs. Many are loyal servants who carry out their duties with impartiality to Jew and Arab, and in accordance with British notions of administration. But many, a great many, are patently hostile to Britain and the Jewish National Home policy, and some, holding high official positions, are known to be members of the extreme Arab political parties which stand openly for sedition and the ousting of Jews and British by violent means. The High Commissioner, who serves only for a term of years, cannot be held responsible for this position.

One day, and it may be soon, a clamour will arise for a Commission to investigate and "clean up" the Palestine Government administration which, for more than sixteen years, has seen anarchy follow anarchy at regular intervals.

I was in Palestine when the Arab revolt had been in progress for more than four months.

What began as small bandit gangs had grown into a rebel force estimated to be about 4,000 strong, which infested the hill country, swooping down at regular intervals, and mostly by night, on isolated Jewish agricultural settlements, killing and wounding, uprooting crops and burning houses.

95 Murdered

Altogether about ninety-five Jews have been murdered inside six months. Not one single murderer has paid the penalty. Three people, including a pregnant woman, were shot dead in a Jerusalem cinema vestibule. The murderer or murderers were not discovered.

By day, the terrorists lay on the boulder-strewn hillsides, pouring murderous fire on British troop patrols and civilian passenger convoys. The British-Iraq oil pipe from Mosul to Haifa, passing through Northern Palestine, had been cut thirty-five times, and the oil set on fire. The telegraph and telephone lines were cut and damaged almost every night.

Palestine was a land of chaos and anarchy; life, property and communications were at the mercy of a terror, ruthless, elusive and incredibly daring. So bold had the gangster-rebels become that they had imported a Syrian brigand soldier of fortune, called Fawzi Kawakji, to act as "commander-in-chief," and to organise the banditry on a military basis.

An Arab being searched for arms by British troops at a railway terminus as a safeguard against smuggling

Outlawed

Fawzi was born in Tripoli and was brought up in Syria, where he joined the Turkish Army, eventually passing through the Staff College in Constantinople.

He fought in the war, and, after, at the end of hostilities, drifted back to Syria, where he achieved notoriety as the leader of a revolt against the French. When the French were too hot on his heels he escaped to Iraq, and was declared an outlaw from Syria.

In Iraq he held a military post until, suspected of subversive activities, he decamped to Arabia, where he was appointed a military instructor in the army of King Ibn Saud of the Hedjaz.

Here again he was involved in trouble with the authorities, and escaped into Transjordan. His next appearance was as the leader of the Arab revolt in Palestine. Fawzi was known all over the Near East as a bandit-soldier. In some mysterious way he procured Palestine citizenship and secured a Palestine passport. Though the Palestine Government had a record of his activities, and were in possession of his photograph, though it is nearly impossible for the ordinary person to enter Palestine without documents of identity, though the frontiers are supposed to be closely guarded, Fawzi Kawakji succeeded in entering the country, ensconced himself in the northern hills and began his campaign of murder and terrorism.

Not only did this foreigner organise murder on a large scale in the guise of a revolt to remedy Palestine Arab grievances, but he organised it on a military scale.

This involved a highly complex and efficient intelligence service and the closest liaison with the civil Arab malcontents working in Jerusalem, Jaffa and Haifa.

For five months Fawzi carried on his activities with amazing coolness and effrontery. He smuggled large bands of men from Syria and Iraq; he imported large stocks of arms, including machine guns, hand grenades, and even anti-aircraft guns. The Palestine Government appeared to be unable to cope with him.

Moreover, Fawzi had the impudence to issue "communiqués" from "headquarters." These were posted up regularly in the Mosque of Omar in the very heart of Jerusalem.

More amazing even than that was the fact that he appeared to know in advance the movements of British troops and of convoyed civilian passenger vehicles.

These were regularly attacked at the most unexpected times and places; somewhere in the Palestine Administration a rebel intelligence service was clearly at work.

I had not been a week in Palestine before I had abundant evidence that the civilian rebel headquarters staff was composed of Arab Government officials who, unknown to their superiors, were working regularly and closely with Fawzi and his "army," and that from inside Government offices the supply of information, money and arms was being organised.

My evidence was complete when I came in close contact with two Arab Government officials who were not only members of the rebel headquarters staff, but actually carried on their work from the Palestine Government itself.

Later, I ascertained that the chief of the entire rebel intelligence and organisation service was an Arab Government official—a District Officer in Northern Palestine. One Saturday morning I made an unexpected call on one of these officials.

When I entered his room, unannounced, I found a gathering of twelve young Arabs in close and excited discussion. There was a sudden hush of surprise at my entrance, and I was quickly hustled out by my acquaintance.

Warned

I had come, as I learned, on a rebel staff conference held in the room of a Government office!

A Jewish friend of mine casually told an Arab Government official with whom he was on terms of friendship that he intended to travel the next day from Jerusalem to Tel Ain by motor convoy. The Arab induced my friend not to take the journey because "something was sure to happen."

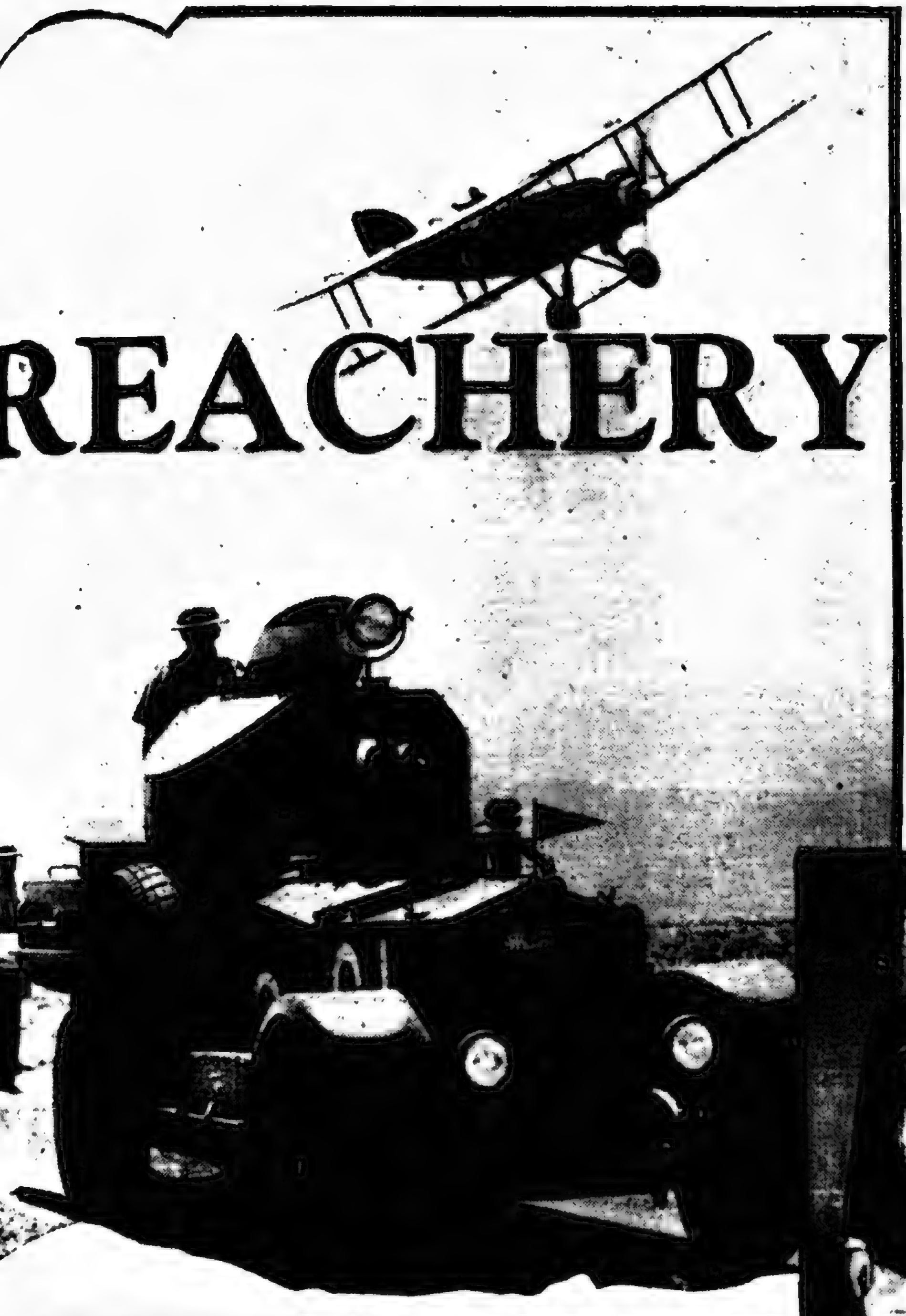
That convoy was heavily fired on and several persons were wounded.

These facts merely illustrate what has for years been a scandal of the Palestine Administration. Government offices are known to be hotbeds of sedition and centres for the planning and encouragement of revolt against the British mandate, which, under the authority of the League of Nations, provides for the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine.

During the recent disorders the Arab officials of the British Admini-

REACHERY

By A "John Bull" Investigator



The Grand Mufti

Sir Arthur Wauchope

Maj-Gen. J. G. Dill

Fawzi Kawakji

stration contributed 10 per cent. of their salaries to the "strike," an avowedly seditious movement, and part, at least, of these funds must have gone to the purchase of rifles at £3 to £5 each with which the terror bands shot down British soldiers and Jewish civilians.

Money paid by a British Government was thus used to destroy British lives. Not content with openly contributing funds to the rebels, but the Arab officials, high and low, subscribed a memorandum presented to the High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Wauchope, expressing sympathy with the Arab strike against the British mandate ! As the terror was an approved part of the strike organisation, this sympathy meant approval of murder and rapine.

Here was rank insubordination, and association with the saboteurs of authority, yet the Palestine Government took no action.

A disturbing factor in Palestine is that a number of British higher officials and a considerable number of minor officials are hostile to the whole policy of the Jewish National Home, and are known to be antisemitic.

Where there is not indifference to the Jewish settlement there is obstruction, and it is from these hostile British officials that their Arab colleagues derive encouragement.

I have heard it alleged that some British officials have contributed to Arab funds, but I have not had enough evidence in proof of this. Non-Jewish residents in Palestine have, in my presence, used phrases like "some British officials are encouraging the revolt." Others have gone so far as to allege that there has been British fomenting of the troubles.

How riddled the Palestine Government is with treason plotting and murder planning is shown by the brutally murderous attack on Mr. Sigrist, a British high police official, during the recent riots. Mr. Sigrist was ambushed while on duty, fired at heavily by an Arab, and very seriously wounded. His assailant was captured, and proved to be a Government official, Nasari, a teacher serving in the Department of Education.

The Government of Palestine, as such, should be made alive to the sinister elements serving in its offices, taking its money and planning both its downfall and the collapse of the policy which, by international obligation, it is charged to carry out.

That nothing has been done for years to cleanse this Augean stable of intrigue and sedition suggests either inefficiency or fear, for any one of which any Government would stand condemned. For this is no matter of yesterday or the day before, but dates from the very commencement of the British Administration in Palestine.

It is notorious that the Palestine Civil Service is not the most efficient in the whole British Colonial Service. It is not composed entirely of men who have been trained in Government administration with a tradition like the Civil Service in this country.

Few had the training, education or experience essential for Colonial service, and most tumbled into conditions both strange and bewildering, to deal with which they were completely untrained. This is the main structure of the Palestine Civil Service, bolstered up with some props of bigger calibre Colonial Office officials, and underpinned by "colony traditions" which the dullest acquire sooner or later.

These new civil servants have learned how one should deal with "natives," and how to remain superbly English amid "subject races." Many of these officials cordially dislike the Jews in Palestine and the whole business of the National Home—a troublesome affair.

They find it irksome that the Jew refuses to be treated like a "native," stands on level terms with the Government official.

Above all, the Jew in the National Home is in a hurry, and Colonial administrators never hurry. These officials are sympathetic to the Arabs, not because they like them, but because they dislike the Jews. Where the officials have not directly opposed efforts to bring Jew and Arab together, they have placed obstacles in the way.

Kept Apart

Arabs and Jews, for example, are never invited together to the table of the High Commissioner at Government House. Only Arabs and British or Jews and British are invited at the same time.

Thus the two races which should be brought together under the mediating influence of the British authority are studiously kept apart. This misguided social policy, a source of great bitterness, is the work, not of the High Commissioner, but of his permanent officials, who have established this tradition, the negation of peaceful accord.

It is a deplorable fact that after every Arab outbreak the ringleaders have "got away with it," only to prepare for and be concerned in the next. In the 1920 outbreak many people were murdered. The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fled the country.

Tardy Measures

He was soon brought back, pardoned and restored to office. In the 1933 disorders at Jaffa, when seven persons were killed, Auni Bey, the leader of the Arab procession, and others, were punished by a fine.

Both the Mufti and Auni led the recent strike, and preached violence. Auni was sent for a few weeks to a concentration camp, and then released. The Mufti remains safe, sound and unmolested, after having made a "gentleman's agreement" to call off the disorders under reservation of his demands.

The Palestine Government stood by, permitted the strike, and took the tardiest measures, after months of toying with terrorism, to quell murder and riot.

They entered into an "armistice" with the Mufti, as if he were a belligerent in a "recognised" war. All through the years of riot, murder and rapine in Palestine, the instigators of revolt have been accorded quasi-diplomatic immunity. Last, and by no means least, of the Palestine Government failures is the case of Fawzi Kawakji, bandit, soldier of fortune, mercenary and organiser of murder.

A British army of 20,000 men, with all the accoutrements of war, was brought 3,000 miles to deal with him. Overawed by this ridiculously outsized force, Kawakji and his friends in Jerusalem "agreed" to cease fire. Calmly, he gathered his stocks of arms and munitions, concealed most of them in the Palestine hills, and with the rest walked quietly over the borders into Transjordan, there to wait until the next "call" to fight the battle of the Jerusalem Arab politicians against peaceful Jewish settlers and British soldiers.

Clean the Stables

The Palestine Government refused permission to the Army to require as a precondition of the "armistice" surrender and punishment of the rebel - murderer - bandit-mercenary Kawakji, to demand the surrender of all rebel arms, and, failing this, to bring him to book whence he is known to be, and to search the countryside for his guns and munitions. The effect of the policy of the Palestine Government is that "armed rebellion," as General Dill, the British Army Commander, himself termed it, is rewarded by liberty and the retention of weapons.

There is no single person in Palestine, Arab, Jew or Christian, who does not believe that the Palestine Administration, without the aid of an "army of occupation," could and should have suppressed the "revolt" in one month.

Its failure to do so is not explained only by the weakness, the dilatoriness, the short- or long-sightedness of the Palestine Government. The long rope given to the "rebels" in Jerusalem or in the hills suggests something more sinister, for in the end the rope hanged, not the criminals, but the victims. The secret lies in the Augean stables of the sedition infested, inefficient, inept Palestine Government. Sooner or later the stables must be cleaned.

MY *Tremendous* HOUR—

Before the Gong

BEN FOORD

British and Empire Heavyweight Champion, who meets Walter Neusel on Wednesday, reveals his thoughts and impressions before a big fight, to be set down

By J. Murray Smith

(Note: Foord is a South African. He thinks of his manager, Louis Walsh, as "Oom"—Dutch for "uncle.")

"I fight for Oom— —I'm part of him"

I WAKE up with a start, see, and my room in the hotel is full of people. First I think I'm crazy, and then I realise that this is the night of the big fight. There's Jeff over there by the wash-basin, and the last time I saw him was back in Jo'burg. Sim's leaning against the wardrobe grinning like an ape, and Oom's telling 'em all not to make such a hell of a row.

I lean on my elbow for a few minutes and look around. The clock says twenty-five to nine, and I'm due in the ring in less than an hour. Already I'm wishing that it was nine-thirty; and then I think that the din is something awful, and some of those chaps ought to give a fellow breathing space.

"Come on," I say, smiling, but hating one or two of them, "give a feller a chance."

At that one or two take the hint and drift out into the corridor, then the rest follow slowly, and I'm left with only Oom.

"Sit down, son," he says, and I feel like a kid of twelve when he's going to get a lecture. "You can dress soon enough—I want to talk, now."

"This is the big night," says Oom, "and we're not going to spoil it—are we?

"This fellow's as tough as anything we've been up against. You've seen him at work before, and we both know his methods."

Then he gives me a long, earnest look, and I get to thinking how queer it is that such energy and brains come from such a little body. But Oom's going on, already. "Watch him, boy, when he comes out with that wicked rush. Watch his left, especially, and see if you can't cross. Get past his left and use your right over the heart. Once we get him retreating the game's ours."

Well, every word of this is sinking right into my brain, because Oom is more than part of me—I'm part of him. I'm just the fighting part of his brain, that's what I am. So I nod slowly, and let him see that I've got it all.

I don't mean to let Oom down. Then I think again, like I've thought hundreds of times before, what a lot of fighters might have made the championship standard if they had had Oom in the corner.

Somehow or other I get into my things, but when I bend down to tie my shoe-laces I see that I have one sock on inside out. I don't trouble about it, but I keep thinking of it afterwards, and it worries me.

Well, Arthur turns up, and he's got the car waiting downstairs, so I say, "All right, let's go."

We get into the car somehow and there are all kinds of people I have never seen before yelling nice things at me, and I don't know what I ought to do, but I know I feel stupid.

Well, we're sliding through the streets, and all the traffic lights seem to change for us just right, and before we've been in the car five minutes we're at the ground. "Well," I think, "that trip generally takes twice as long," and I even get to thinking that the police have got the lights fixed for us.

The fellow at the door seems to know me, and he gives me a friendly nod. Well, do you know, I think more of that nod at the time than all the yells from the fellows standing round.

And then we arrive at the dressing-room, and Dick's inside with the other seconds, and there's a strong smell of iodine and embrocation.

"What!" I say. "An operation?" And they all laugh like mad, though I know it's only for my benefit. They just want to keep in with my mood, but the trouble is, I don't know what it is.

"Get out and leave me in peace for a minute," I yell. But then I catch sight of Oom, and I say, "No, stay where you are, fellers. I'm sorry."

I sit down in the corner, and then I see that the gentlemen from the Boxing Board of Control are there already. So I get out of my things and into my shorts, and Dick drapes a dressing-gown around me.

Oom just stands on one side looking, and then he takes the bandage from one of the officials and comes over to me. This is when I expect another lecture, but he doesn't say a word.

I hold out my right hand, and he starts to unroll the bandage, and when the right hand is done I hold out my left. But Oom looks at that little place where I broke the skin on the heavy bag, and then does a different kind of arrangement with the bandage, and when I look at him he's smiling. Serene, that's what he is.

Well, the official puts that stamp all over the bandages and goes out, while his partner hangs around trying not to look awkward.

Well, we get out into the corridor and pass the fellow who just got himself knocked out. I think I'd better not look at him, so I take an interest in my opposite shoulder, and Oom starts laughing. Now, the one fellow who makes me laugh is Oom, so we both get out into the gangway, laughing fit to kill.

It seems to be the devil of a long way down to the ringside, and the night air strikes chill through my dressing-gown. But at last I arrive at the ring, see, and there's a bit of a hush. As I climb through the ropes, though, there's a rolling roar to high heaven, and I get nervous and nearly trip over.

Still, there I am on my feet, and I give one quick look round and sit down in my corner. I just spot the girl friend out of the corner of my eye, and I know she's going to give me the devil tomorrow for not smiling. But somehow just now I don't feel like smiling. I know there's a whole lot of chaps at the ringside I might have smiled at, but I can't sort them out. So I just sit there, and I know I'm scowling, but I don't care.

Well, a moment or two later *he* comes in, and I imagine that he gets a lot bigger cheer than me. Which makes me scowl a whole lot more.

"Watch his left—see if you can't cross." That's what I think. Oom's words keep running through my brain as I sit there, and every second seems to last, and go on and on.

The ref. climbs in, too, and starts yapping into the mike. I'm as near to him as anyone, and I can't hear a word. I shiver once or twice, and wonder whether it's nerves or the cold.

Seems that there are a lot of celebrities around. One by one they climb into the ring and take their bow, while I sit there shivering—trying not to let *him* see that I'm shivering—and wondering how much longer this is going to go on.

Well, while I squat there and the roars keep coming out of the distance in solid waves, I get a sort of shock. First I listen, and then I get it again.

"Donder hom, Ben!" yells a voice away out there in the dark, and I feel a good warm feeling run down my spine. "Donder hom"—smash him! That's what I'm going to do—I know it, I *know* it.

Smash him.

The ref. calls us into the centre, and the usual hush settles over the crowd. I don't hear the words—not as separate words—but just as a kind of chant. "Break clean," he says. "Shake . . . come up . . . fighting."

I know it all by heart, anyway.

Now I'm back in the corner, and Dick's getting out of the ring. Then I find Oom, where he always is, just two inches below my ear.

"Watch his left, boy," he says. "Get inside it—use your right. . . ."

And then all the lights go down and down, and there's only one light shining on something that's advancing grimly from the other side. I've got to fight now, or go down. *Go down*—no, no, I can't do that.

The canvas stretches away between us, and across it advance two stealthy feet. I kind of swallow hard, and a hot lump comes into my throat again. Then I look again, and the feet are still neatly crossed in the opposite corner.

"What the ——?" I think. You see, I know. I can't stand the suspense much longer. Then there's a kind of muffled tinkle.

"Thank heavens," I think, "there's the gong."

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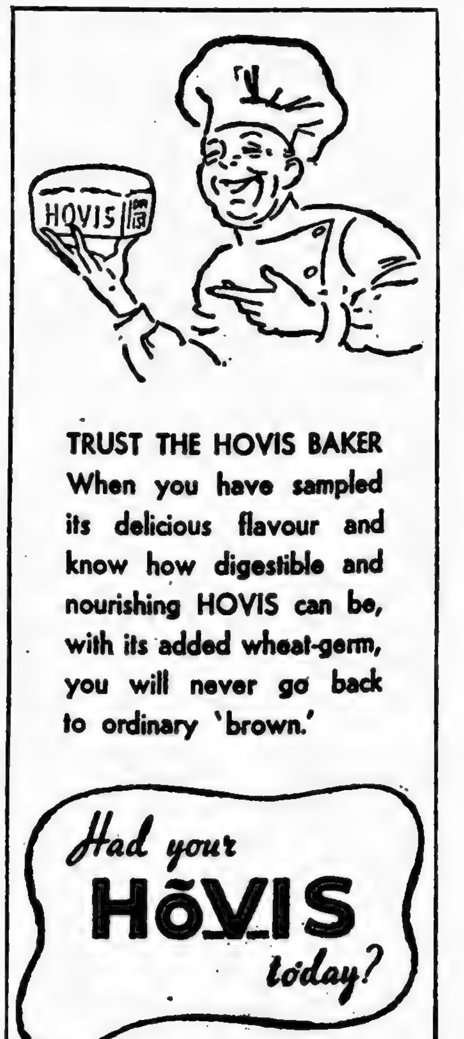
Garl JB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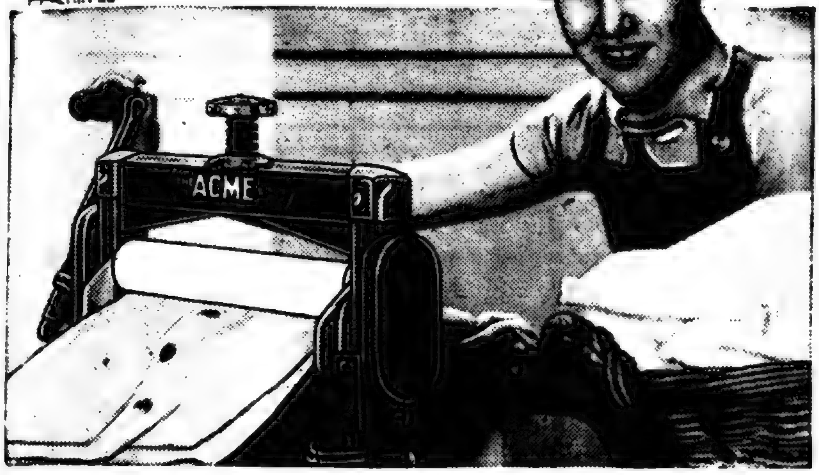

British steel rust-proofed and finished with an enamel that never chips. The solid rubber rollers will never break buttons or fasteners. The pressure system means that clothes are wrung dry over the full width of the rollers. The machine is small and compact—yet it will take the heaviest blankets. When not in use it is easily stored away in the kitchen cupboard. And there is a free choice of nine alternative fixtures for tub, table, sink or bath, to cover the differing needs of different homes. But ACME'S overwhelming superiority can be summed up in a simple phrase—it does the wringing and the mangling easier and better in half the time. That is why over 2,000,000 housewives use ACMES.

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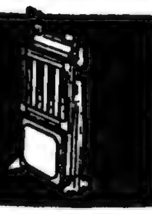

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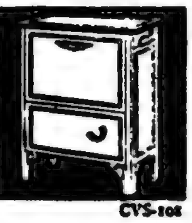

CVS-108

S-sh

what shall we give Mummy for Christmas?

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The HOOVER

"I *know* she wants a Hoover. She's always saying the mornings are such a rush. So wouldn't a Hoover just make things much easier?"

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MYSTERY OF CHILD'S CONDITION

Mother wants advice

"I CAN'T sleep through worrying about my girl," writes a Clapham mother. "She looks so frail beside her friend, Peggy, and catches cold so easily. I know Peggy's mother gives her Scotts Brand Emulsion in winter, but I give my child a cod liver oil preparation, too. What can I do?"

When you have a child who is pale and peaky all through the winter, what should you give her? Cod liver oil, say doctors, nurses and mothers who know. Children must have cod liver oil to protect and build up their bodies.

Then why do so many mothers have the same heart-breaking experience as the one who wrote the above letter? Because they think any form of cod liver oil will do.

That's a great mistake. Children's delicate stomachs can only benefit fully from cod liver oil when it has been made digestible. Otherwise the oil may upset your child's digestion or pass through without doing good. And that's what can happen with plain oils and most cod liver oil mixtures.

The truth about tonics

So you have to be careful to give your child her cod liver oil in the one completely digestible form, and that is Scotts Brand Emulsion. This is what an eminent Research Body says about it :—

"Only when cod liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion can children wholly digest the oil and so get all the body-building goodness they need."

The same Research Body says that thirty minutes after your child has taken a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion, every drop has gone to strengthen her whole body and particularly her chest and lungs.

Child's wonderful improvement

Within two or three weeks you'll notice an amazing difference in your child. She'll put on weight, grow sturdy, rosy-cheeked, and as free from coughs or colds as the little Westminster girl whose mother writes this letter :—

> *"I used to eat my heart out over my little girl. She was always so pale and seedy. Then a nurse in our street suggested Scotts. I can never thank her enough. My girl started to pick up within a fortnight and since then she hasn't had a day off from school."*

Start *your* child on Scotts Brand Emulsion from today, and watch her go through the winter much better than other children.

Queer Case of the Workhouse Bookmaker—by Supt. Hambrook

MURDER in the BASEMENT

THERE is, I feel, a sinister ring about the title of this record from my case book.

Think of the strangeness of it all—an inmate of a pauper institution carrying on a business as a workhouse bookmaker; drawing his small revenue from the bets of other paupers, and finally being murdered under remarkable circumstances.

What is a murderer's reaction to his crime? Is he instantly struck by remorse or sorrow? Does he fear immediate detection and arrest?

My experience is that the majority of murderers have no qualms of conscience, no sympathy for their victim, no regret for their crime, no feeling of being hunted and oppressed. Their one desire, their one hope is to escape the consequences of their action.

Often the murderer is satisfied in his own mind that he has been clever enough to cloak his guilt and has left no clue that will deliver him into the hands of justice. That applies even when he has actually committed the most stupid and easily-detected blunders.

His spirits are borne up with the notion that he will never be found out, and even if he is arrested his self-assurance flatters him that whatever evidence there may be it cannot be sufficient to convict him.

Undoubtedly murderers are inordinately vain. Some are overtaken by an uncontrollable desire to make a confidant of another person. It frequently happens that a murderer freely and frankly confesses his crime to an old friend or a police officer.

Then after relieving his conscience of a terrible burden he subsequently denies his own story in an attempt to save his neck.

TERROR-STRICKEN

I CAN recall three or four cases in which I am certain murderers were eager to lay bare their hearts to the investigating officer, but they have held their tongues when told (needlessly in my opinion) that whatever they say may be given in evidence. That formal caution frightened them and so they said nothing.

One learned judge once agreed that it was a sufficient caution if a police officer said that he was a police officer.

So I come to George Frederick Harvey, the man who killed George Hamblin, the workhouse bookmaker.

George Frederick Harvey was one of the few murderers I have known who was fear-stricken at his crime. He relieved his sorely-oppressed conscience by confiding in a woman friend, to whom he was greatly attached. Yet when he was arrested he denied all knowledge of the affair.

He was thirty-seven years old, and described himself as a chef. He was over six feet in height. Ill-health and other circumstances prevented him obtaining permanent employment, and he had to seek food and shelter in the Westminster Institution at Fulham, or what in former days was called a workhouse.

He was employed as a batman to the labour superintendent at the institution, and in this capacity had the key of a storeroom in the basement which was known as the "dug-out."

Another inmate who was privileged to have a key of this room was George Hamblin. He had been an inmate for several years, and being in ill-health was given easy tasks to perform

Sir Bernard Spilsbury leaving the Institution after Hamblin was found murdered

Hamblin and Harvey were friendly. They were frequently seen together in the basement dug-out. The real explanation for their close companionship was that Hamblin, unknown to the authorities, conducted the business of a bookmaker in this dug-out.

His clients were the other inmates, who, although they were paupers, had sufficient money to make penny and twopenny bets with him.

Occasionally as much as three shillings was put on a horse. The little slips recording the bets were collected by Harvey and taken to Hamblin in the dug-out, and every night, after the results had been ascertained from the evening papers, the lucky pauper punters were paid their winnings.

Although most of the bets were very small and in coppers, the total amount staked during a day was as much as £4 and £5.

POCKET-MONEY

HARVEY also had a little business of his own. He used to make a few coppers for himself by selling tea for a penny and twopence a cup, so that Hamblin, the bookmaker, and Harvey, the tea-merchant, managed to reap a useful little bit of pocket-money.

It was on the morning of October 26, 1934, that the police received a message from the Master of the Institution to the effect that Hamblin had been found dead, and appeared to have been murdered.

As Detective-Superintendent of the area I was quickly on the scene to supervise the investigations carried out directly by Divisional Detective Law.

As soon as we learned the facts it was obvious that the case was a fairly simple one from our point of view—the interest lay in the extraordinary features surrounding the tragedy.

Suspicion pointed directly against Harvey, for he was missing from the institution.

From the many statements we took we discovered that Harvey and Hamblin were last seen together in the little dug-out at 4.30 on the previous afternoon, when one of the inmates delivered to them an evening paper containing racing results. Both men were then on perfectly good terms with each other.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Harvey—then dressed in his own outdoor clothes—hurried into the Leave Ward with a bag containing his institution clothing. He asked for a pass-out ticket, entitling him to a few hours' freedom.

Under the rules of the institution, an inmate wishing to obtain leave must first deposit his institutional clothing with an attendant. He wears his own clothing while away.

When Harvey handed in his clothes-bag to be checked, it was noticed that he was trembling and agitated. His face was bathed in perspiration. The attendant commented upon Harvey's excited condition, and the man explained it was due to the fact that he was in a great hurry to get away in order to meet a friend.

The attendant turned to check the clothing, and while he was doing this Harvey picked up a pass-out ticket from the table and decamped.

The attendant discovered that a shirt was missing from Harvey's clothes, and promptly telephoned through to the front gate giving instructions for Harvey to be stopped, but Harvey had been so quick that he was through the gate and away before the instructions were received.

Roll call was taken as usual in the institution that night. Two men were missing—Harvey and Hamblin. A search was made, but neither of the missing men could be found.

Next morning, soon after seven o'clock, the Labour Master was going his rounds. He went to the store-room or "dug-out," but found the door locked. He opened it with his key, and on entering saw Hamblin lying on the floor dead.

Those were our preliminary reports of what had happened. Naturally, we made a very close inspection of the store. We found that Hamblin had several terrible wounds on his head. His pockets had been turned inside out. No money

(Continued on page 30)

Trust me to think of everything!

Think of a Turkey dinner! Think of all strawberries and cream! Think of all your favourite dishes—and then admit that cold meat and Pan Yan takes a lot of beating. What a fascinating flavour! What a tempting tang! Think of your digestion, too. That's another good reason for having Pan Yan.

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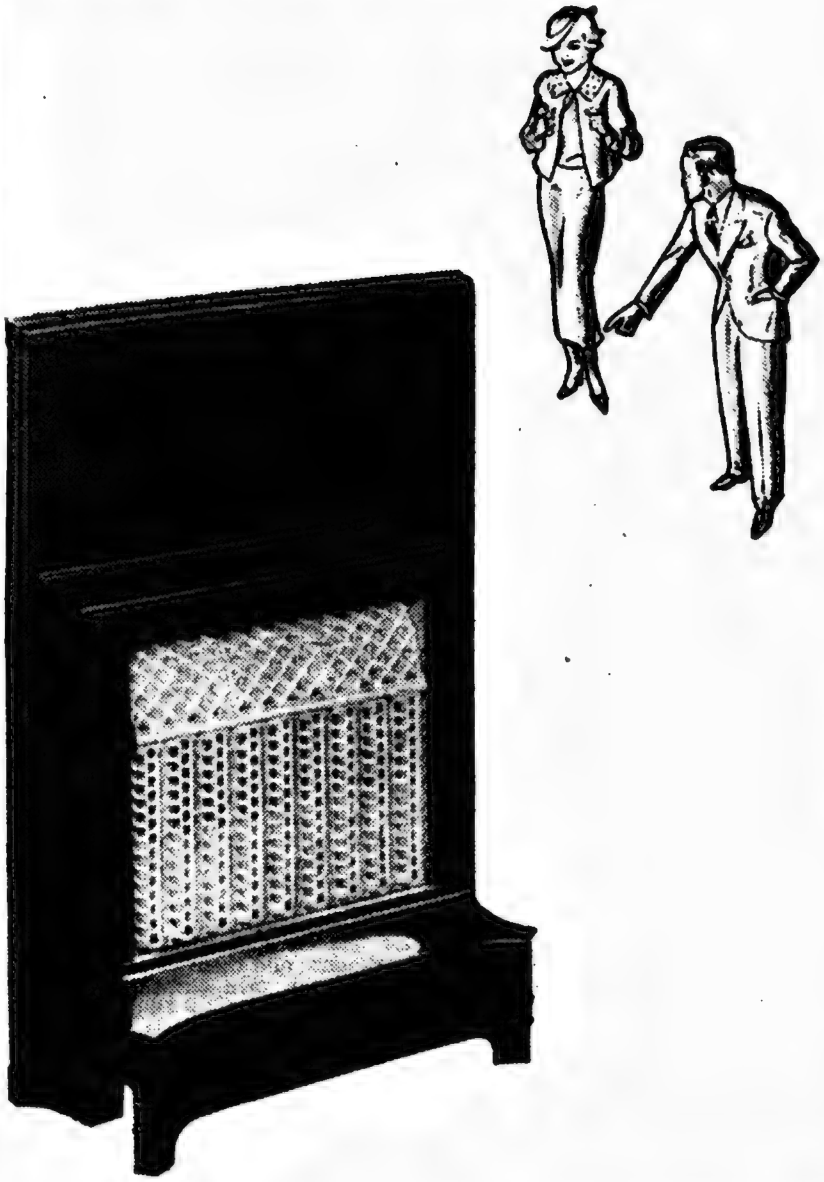

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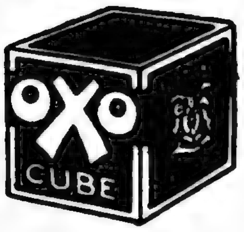

ADD ONE OR TWO

OXO

CUBES

73·36

Continuing—The Workhouse Bookmaker

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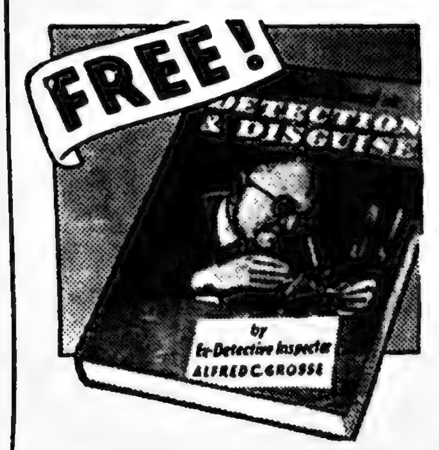
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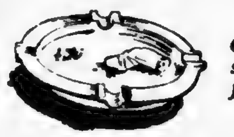

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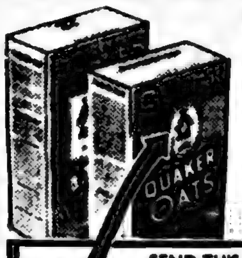

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was upon him. The only coin was a penny, picked up from the floor.

Scattered about the room were no fewer than 136 slips of paper relating to bets on the previous day's racing to the amount of £4 17s. 7d. There was no reason to doubt that all this money had been in Hamblin's possession.

The obvious conclusion was that he had been murdered for the sake of the money. It was also certain that the murderer must have known all about Hamblin's betting transactions; was familiar with him and had easy access to the room.

That argument exactly fitted George Harvey, and George Harvey was missing. He had dashed away from the institution in a dickens of a hurry and had not returned.

We found the weapon of the murder in the store-room. It was a hammer, wrapped in a yeast bag which had been tied with tape. The head of the hammer was blood-stained.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury, who had made an examination of the body, was able to tell me that the wounds on the head corresponded exactly with the hammer.

Statements were taken from a number of inmates and officials of the institution. They all had clear alibis. As our enquiry progressed, the guilt of Harvey became plainer.

The question now was to find him. We asked the B.B.C. to broadcast a description, and, only a few hours after this was done, Harvey walked into Paddington Green Police Station and said: "I understand you have been broadcasting for me."

The officer on duty recognised his visitor as the man whose description had been circulated, and detained him. Before long I was at Paddington and saw Harvey.

Then I was able to check up all his movements from the moment he fled from the institution, and to secure very direct evidence that he murdered Hamblin.

HEAVY DRINKING

WITHOUT doubt Harvey, from the moment he killed the pauper bookmaker, was smitten by his conscience. He suffered such mental agony and suspense that he scarcely knew what he did.

His conduct after hurrying away from the workhouse shows the stress of horror and fear that he experienced. With the dead man's betting money—mostly pennies and sixpences—stuffed into his pockets, he took a taxicab from Fulham to Victoria and then another to Paddington, and there he called at the house of a woman whom he knew well.

He gave her 16s. in small change, had one or two drinks, and then took her in a taxicab to a cinema, where the film "Manhattan Melodrama" was being shown. He was very liberal with his money and paid two shillings each for admission, but he was in a state of unrest.

The Westminster Institution at Fulham where the bookmaker-inmate was murdered for a few pounds

He left the woman for a few moments soon after getting to the cinema, and when he returned to his seat he said he did not like the picture, and they both left.

In the morning he gave the woman more money and also a postal order. She counted his money, consisting of pennies and sixpences which amounted to £3 3s. 6d.

He was still pale and agitated, and during the day he tried to find solace in drink, but the horror of his crime haunted him. He decided to relieve his mind and steady his shattered nerves by sharing his secret with his woman friend. He had bought a newspaper and read an account of the murder.

"There's been a murder down at the workhouse," he said to the woman. "The boys told me the man murdered was a bookie, and they said I had better look out as he was a tall fellow like myself." He was very excited.

Later he said to her, "I want to tell you the truth. I am not a bookie, as I have told you," but he was. "I am the man they want for the workhouse murder."

She was so shocked at this startling revelation that she fainted, and when she recovered she suggested that he should go to the police station with her.

"I will even tell the police I am your wife to get you straight," she said. "I will tell the police everything if you will come with me," Harvey said. "No. I don't want my people to know I was a workhouse brat."

WANTED TO KILL

HARVEY consumed more drink, and he and the woman went to Hyde Park. As they passed through the gates he said:

"Can you hide me till Monday? If so, we will do the biggest jewel raid in London. You can have the stuff and we will both go away."

This woman was one of the witnesses who assisted us materially when we traced and interviewed her.

While detained at Paddington Harvey was searched under the direction of one of my officers. In his possession was found a black leather wallet which we easily identified as being the property of the murdered man.

All the movements of Harvey, from the moment he left the institution, were followed. Another very significant discovery was made in the cloak-room of the cinema he visited with his woman friend.

There he had left two ready-reckoner betting books which also belonged to Hamblin and were used by him in his illicit business of laying odds to the paupers.

BLOODSTAINS

TRIED at the Old Bailey, Harvey made a fight for his life. He reversed the whole of his previous stories. He went into the witness-box and denied that his real name was Harvey. He refused to give his real name, declaring his reason for this was the illness of his old mother. If she heard that her son was charged with murder the shock would kill her.

Resolutely he denied that he killed Hamblin. The money in his possession he said was his own, saved from the profits of selling penny and twopenny cups of tea to other workhouse inmates.

Bloodstains found upon his workhouse clothing he accounted for by swearing that these were caused during a quarrel. He was, he said, playing cards at the workhouse and there was a quarrel over one of the men cheating him. This fellow—according to Harvey—pulled a knife upon him and he was cut in the struggle.

Altogether it was a poor attempt at defence by a man faced with unshakable evidence of this kind. The jury, after a short absence, found prisoner Harvey guilty of murder, and he was sentenced to death.

During that last grim scene I noticed that George Harvey seemed absolutely indifferent to his fate.

To the question, "Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed?" he cried in answer to the judge, "Do what you like about it."

His appeal against conviction and sentence of death was, of course, dismissed, and he was executed at Pentonville Prison.

Next Week
Polly Walker and Her Lover

REFUGEES

RAIN, rain, rain. It had been a miserable week for the occupants of an isolated six-roomed house in Carmarthen, far away as they were from pictures and other amusements.

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But few people realise the terrible power of water. With a roar, the river bank burst. The railway bank went down before the wall of water that hit it. Soon three square miles of country was flooded, the floors of that lonely house to a depth of four feet.

All this in the darkness of the night. To add to the horror, a baby fell from the arms of its frightened mother. It was a miracle it was saved.

Their house rendered untenable, much of their furniture ruined or washed away altogether, these people became refugees from their own home. Where the money was coming from to replace their losses was the thought that haunted them in their temporary exile.

Until they received it from JOHN BULL, in the form of a cheque—their due, because the householder had qualified for the protection of JOHN BULL's free family insurance scheme by filling up a coupon such as appears on page 4 of this issue.

The unexpected happened to them. It might happen to you. Why now safeguard yourself *now*?

Why pay more when the best Orange Marmalade is only
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Ever-Ready CORRUX Blades

ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD.,
THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9.

RIVER OF DEATH

MY BIG STORY By Registered Reader No. 297,452

CONRAD PHILLIPS, who is visiting "John Bull" Registered Readers in their homes, and writing the thrill of their lives into true short stories, obtained the story printed on this page from Mr. John Harpur, of 32, De Vere Gardens, London, to whom £5 5s. has been sent.

"Yes, I think I can tell you a story," said Mr. Harpur, after Conrad Phillips had explained his mission.

But his pretty, dark-eyed wife tugged his arm and said, "You're not going to tell him about China, are you, John?"

"Yes," he said; "why not?"

"You never speak of it as a rule."

"There's no harm, but——." She suddenly paused and smiled.

"Very well," she conceded, shrugging her shoulders. "If you want to, it's all right with me."

THEY stood on the starboard side of the *Tai On*, a Canton river boat. Above a crescent moon shone in a cloudless sky, and splashed the water with its silvery beams. Below them, on the after-deck, Chinese sat on hatches in groups, talking and gesticulating.

On either side of the boat the land rolled back, and disappeared mysteriously into the darkness; and here and there strange shapes loomed in the shadows like grotesque monsters.

The girl was a tallish brunette of eighteen, with alert, dark eyes. The soft, warm breeze blowing in her hair, together with the moon and starlight shining on her pale face, gave her an ethereal beauty. The man was tall, broad-shouldered and handsome, and a few years older than his companion. He stood leaning on the deck-rail, gazing up at her admiringly.

< < <

"It seems as if I had known you all my life," he said, after a while.

Looking down at him, the girl sighed.

"Yes," she said, "it does seem like that."

They had only met a few hours before. He had helped her with her luggage at Hong Kong.

"Do you know," he added after a pause, "that you haven't even told me your name?"

"Neither have I," she replied, "but, if you want to know, it's Muriel Walton."

"My name is Harpur," he returned, "John Harpur."

They laughed, then playfully shook hands. For some time afterwards they stood and talked about themselves.

Muriel was visiting her father in Canton. She had come over from Manila, in the Philippine Islands, to join her father, who had been taken ill while on business in Canton.

John had just returned to China from a long holiday in England, and was on his way back to join his firm in Canton.

"I don't suppose I shall be in Canton for more than a week," Muriel told him. "As soon as father is fit to travel we shall return to England."

< < <

At this juncture the boat rounded a bend in the river. As it did so numerous little islands came into view. Suddenly from behind one of the islands two small Chinese junks appeared. As they did so a pandemonium broke out on the after-deck.

There was a babel of noise and excited shouting, as a number of the Chinese crowded the port rail and the companion-way leading to the fore-part of the ship. Then a shot rang out and someone shouted in English, "Pirates! Pirates alongside!"

Grabbing the girl, John looked swiftly about him.

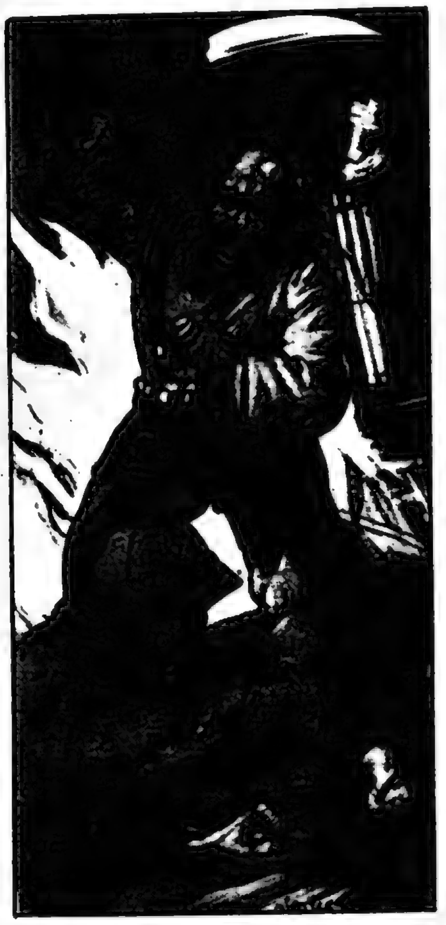
"Keep cool," he whispered hoarsely, "whatever you do, keep cool."

Whipping a heavy automatic from his pocket, he led Muriel along the deck towards her cabin.

By this time revolver and machine-gun fire had broken out in earnest. Hand-to-hand fighting was in progress on all decks. Now and then, above the firing, the shriek of a wounded man told a grim story of somebody in agony.

Pushing the girl into her cabin, John said, "Lock the door and don't open it."

Trembling with fear, Muriel slammed the door to. Hearing the lock turn, John sighed with relief. Then he crept cautiously towards the railings facing the after-deck.


A hideous pirate attempted to cut him down with a long, razor-edged knife. John shot him dead . . .

Below, in the shadows, he saw a mob fighting with sticks and knives. Near the poop-deck panic-stricken natives were taking cover under the hatches. By this time the ship had lost way—apparently some of the pirates, who had joined the ship at Hong Kong as passengers, had overpowered the engineers and stokers and stopped the engines to enable their confederates to bring alongside their slow-moving junks.

On the port side Chinese were throwing ropes over the side. These were caught by the pirates aboard the junks, and soon the two sailing craft were roped to the *Tai On*. Immediately the crews of the two junks swarmed up the sides of the ship, carrying guns and long, wicked-looking knives.

On the bridge the ship's officers trained a machine-gun on the boarders, and many of them fell back into the river, riddled with bullets.

Suddenly a long tongue of flame belched up from one of the hatches. Someone had set the boat on fire. When he saw this, John's first thought was of Muriel—locked in her cabin. He wheeled about to go to her rescue and was confronted by a tall, hideous Chinese pirate, who attempted to cut him down with a long, razor-edged knife.

< < <

John shot him dead, and, jumping over his limp body, rushed on to Muriel's cabin.

Pounding on the door, he shouted to her, "It's John; open up quickly. The ship is on fire and we must get off."

As the girl came out of the stateroom John grabbed her and, without another word, dragged her to the side of the ship. "We've got to jump for it, old girl. Can you swim?"

Not even waiting for her answer, he took her in his arms and both of them toppled over the rail to the water below.

Fortunately, Muriel *could* swim, and five minutes later they were climbing up the muddy banks of the shore nearest the ship.

They hid in the low bushes until the blazing ship had drifted downstream around a bend in the river.

"What are we going to do now?" Muriel asked, shivering in her dripping clothes.

"I don't quite know," John replied. "It can't be far to Canton, and we will make it easily."

< < <

Two days later, weary and bedraggled they reached Canton, where they heard the full story of the *Tai On's* fate. Five white passengers had been killed, and the native casualties, both passenger and pirate, had not been fully ascertained. In fact, as they learned, some of the pirates failed to regain the junks, and were captured aboard the *Tai On* when a rescuing ship took the rest of the passengers and crew off the burning vessel.

When Muriel's father was able to travel, the two of them returned to England. She and John did not meet again for two years, when he was transferred back to the home office of his company.

In the meantime, however, they had kept up a correspondence with each other, and John's first call when he returned home was to Muriel's house in Palace Gate.

A month later they were married.

SPRING WATER THAT ENDS RHEUMATISM

Out of your own Tap!

Are your joints crippled with rheumatism, your muscles stiff and aching, making every movement sheer agony? Relief is waiting for you in your own home. All you need is a tin of Fynnon Salt and a glass of water. A teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in water provides you with those curative mineral waters that wealthy sufferers travel many miles to take.

The waters at Welsh spas put an end to rheumatism because they contain the natural curative salts of the earth. Chemists have discovered how to isolate valuable mineral salts, and pack them in tins under the name Fynnon Salt, so that sufferers everywhere can get the benefit in their own homes. All *you* have to do to get this luxury spa treatment is to take Fynnon Salt in water every day. Men and women who have been crippled for years with rheumatism have been relieved by this natural remedy. Sufferers who could not sleep for pain now enjoy peaceful nights after taking Fynnon Salt.

If your life is made a misery by rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, gout, kidney trouble, or lumbago, get a 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt to-day, and see how quickly peace and relief will come.

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New "Sun-Action" Shampoo-Rinse washes Mousy, Brownish Hair **2-4 SHADES LIGHTER**

BLONDES!—You know how the sun will turn mousy, even brownish blond hair several shades lighter—make it *beautifully* light—so appealing to your friends. You can't have summer sun all the time, but Sta·Blond does the same thing in the same natural way as the sun—it makes hair even more beautiful, keeps it soft and elastic without a trace of that streaky bleached look. This remarkable "sun-action" shampoo-rinse combination prevents light blond hair from darkening, and if hair has already turned mousy or brownish, Sta·blond will bring back the true golden beauty of childhood. Millions of blondes use it. Your hair will softly gleam with golden glints—and stay that way too! Sta·blond contains no dyes or harmful bleaches.

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A fascinating new hobby for the winter evenings—BUILDING your own PERIVALE Electric Clock. Complete parts (nothing else to buy) of an attractive Electric Clock with a Coin bronze dial 5 in. square, with chapters and hands in an attractive shade of green. Full instructions and chart of parts given with every kit—follow the simple directions and you can't go wrong. *No shocks. No soldering iron necessary.* You can fit one to a table light, radio, table bookstand, or you can use the clock separately as a mantel or boudoir clock—there are a number of places where you can put a PERIVALE Electric Clock to increase the beauty of your home. When correctly assembled it is guaranteed to be an accurate and reliable timekeeper for years. For A.C. mains, 200 v. to 250 v.

GET *YOUR* KIT SET TO-DAY!

Kit Set No. 1 and No. 1A, 25/- each. Complete Clock 35/-. From your usual dealer, leading stores, etc. If unobtainable send P.O. or cash plus 6d. postage direct to LONDON ELECTRIC CLOCK CO. (Dept. 10), 15, PARK STREET (off Upper St.), ISLINGTON, N.1. NORth 3967. Props.: G.M.T., Ltd. Trade Enquiries Invited.

SPECIFICATIONS.
KIT No. 1 Complete set of parts for movement, and metal drum for enclosing movement. Coin Bronze dial 5 in. square—green chapters. Modern design hands finished in green. Adaptor length of flex, screwdriver, oil and grease.
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COMPLETE for use as Mantel Clock as Kit 1

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RHEUMATIC PAINS

Rub on this SUPER-STRENGTH OINTMENT

This treatment will make sure of instant relief! Get a pot of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is *super-strength*. It is the most powerful remedy you can buy, yet it will not burn or blister. Thousands who have been driven well nigh desperate with those agonising stabbing pains have found blessed relief from this agony in a jar of Musterole!

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PRICE 2/6

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THE VISOFIL HOLDS MORE INK and shows when to refill

No other pen will satisfy you once you have seen and tried the wonderful Visofil Swan! Not only does it hold MORE ink, but it shows it to you at any time—a special 'observation window' warns you when the ink is running low! ONLY Swan can offer you this invention and, like all Swans, the Visofil is GUARANTEED FOR A LIFETIME'S WEAR. Have one demonstrated to you at any Stationer's or Jeweller's—soon!

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ALWAYS USE SWAN INK

Patch fetches slippers again

no longer listless

"At one time Patch always brought me my slippers in the evening," says Mr. L. Thomas. "Almost before I could sit down, there he was with a slipper in his mouth. Then quite suddenly this time last year he stopped doing it and became listless. He began to scratch and leave loose hairs about. So I decided to try Bob Martin's. In a short time scratching and loose hairs stopped altogether and he was quite his old self again."

Be sure you condition *your* dog regularly with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. These famous powders, by purifying his blood, will cure and prevent all such complaints as listlessness, loss of appetite, scratching, loose coat, and eczema. Soon you will see a wonderful difference in him. His eyes will sparkle with fitness and he will grow a thick dense coat to keep him warm and dry through the winter. Start today to keep your dog fit with *regular* Bob Martin's.

Bob Martin's CONDITION POWDERS keep dogs fit

Miss Evans: No!

Miss Hill: Mixed

Miss Burns: No!

Miss Roberts: Mixed

Mrs. Williams: No!

A JURY OF 12 WOMEN GIVES ITS VERDICT:

Should WOMEN JUDGE Women?

THE first all-women jury in British history was empanelled by JOHN BULL the other day—to try women juries!

Twelve "good women and true," whose names are given later were chosen at random.

The issue: the demand that 132 Women's Institutes are making of the Home Office that women prisoners should always be tried by juries consisting entirely of women or on which women were always in the majority.

And the evidence: the evidence of their own experience of their sisters.

On the strength of what these twelve women know of their own sex, we wanted to find out what they thought of the latest shot in what is so often called Women's War of Emancipation. More particularly we wanted to know what sort of jury they would prefer to face.

Well, the answers are given below.

The "representatives of 132 Women's Institutes" can digest them for themselves. Whether they then ask the Home Office for a return of their resolution, or whether they substitute it with another expressing a diametrically opposite point of view, rests with themselves!

1.—**MISS DORIS BURNS**, of Clacton-on-Sea. Women juries can expect little sympathy from Miss Burns. . . .

"I would want to be tried by a jury consisting wholly and solely of men," she says. "They are the better judges of the bigger things in life, and would therefore be better able to give complete justice—erring neither one way nor the other—when a person's career, liberty, or even life itself was at stake.

"I should feel that women were looking at me and saying: 'Yes, she did it all right'—probably before they had weighed the evidence. They think they have a woman's 'instinct.' And I would rather be judged on the facts."

2.—**MISS E. G. BERRYMAN**, who comes up to Whitehall every day from her home at Bounds Green, N., would like to see one or two women on *her* jury—but, no, she is far from agreeing with the all-women-jury idea.

"One or two, because I think they might see one or two little things in my point of view that the men might miss," she qualified. "I could rely on them listening patiently to everything, because they would have a greater idea of the importance of their mission than men jurors. But they might be harsher; allow personalities to count. So altogether I don't think I'd like more than three of them on my jury."

3.—**MISS SYBIL MANTON**, who sits at a desk as a receptionist in a Russell Square hotel. "What! A woman judge *me*?" she demanded indignantly. "I should say not. I should challenge every woman they put on *my* jury.

"In my opinion, the best man in the world, when faced with the dregs of society, tries to understand. He looks for the good. But not so a woman—even the worst of them is smug when sitting in judgment.

"Have you ever heard women discussing other women? 'And another thing I heard about her——' they say, taking every bit of tittle-tattle as fact. Who would want that sort of justice?"

Miss Manton called on Mrs. Vickers, of Gresham Road, Brixton, waitress at the same hotel, for her views, and so . . .

4.—**MRS. VICKERS** says: "If I was accused of any moral offence, I would want a jury of men. But if I did some things—stealing from counters at shops, for instance—I might want a few women on the jury. Women are hard on some things, understanding on others."

5.—**MRS. VIOLET CATTO**, of Union Grove, Aberdeen, has much the same feelings about her sex:

"Most definitely, if I had to face a charge which concerned some question of my conduct being governed by my health, I would seek to be tried by a panel of my own sex.

"On any other criminal issue, however, I would want the verdict of men.

"If I were a party in any civil litigation, I would object to women jurors being summoned. A woman cannot visualise or analyse facts, and all the time she is listening to evidence or argument her mind is taken up with irrelevant fancy."

6.—And now for **MISS OLIVE EVANS**. That is the name by which she is known as a singer on concert platforms all over London. Actually, she is the wife of a Civil servant: lives at Woodley Close, S.W.

And "No, thank you!" is the reply of Miss Evans to the question of whether she would like women jurors.

"I could rely on men going into court to find out what happened," she said. "But could you with women? As a rule, I am afraid, they enter into the court feeling they can 'see through it all.' They rely on their imagination too much.

"Then there is another aspect of a woman's mind. One day a thin man with small shoulders, a fluffy moustache and curly hair insults her in the street. After that, any man who approximates to the appearance of that man is a bounder. If she hears a man of that appearance accused of anything, she feels sure he did it.

"In short, a man tries the issue. A woman attempts to judge it by things that have happened in her own life."

7.—**MISS MARGARET HILL**, a smart little business girl living at Camberwell, begs to differ.

"I always think that the mind of a woman completes the mind of a man, if you understand me," she said. "They cover two different fields. Therefore I would want a mixed jury of six men and six women.

"And yet I suppose I would rather have a man in charge of them. I have a tiny prejudice in favour of a man's judgment."

Curiously, the only two women of the twelve who are in entire agreement share this view. See how very similar is the point of view of . . .

8.—**MISS ROBERTS**, of Minnis Bay, Kent. Does it suggest that this would be the most popular viewpoint among women?

"I feel every jury should consist of six men and six women," she says. "But I attach just as much importance to having people of all ages.

"I know that's the sort of jury I should prefer—with the foreman a man selected because of seniority." But . . .

9.—**MRS. D. J. WILLIAMS**, who manages a shop at Elstree, says: "No women at all. Their views are not hide-bound. Men have greater opportunities to sin, and heaven protect me from judges who think they have never erred."

10.—**MISS LOUISE DEAKIN**, of Leinster Square, Bayswater, has a different reason for seeing that no woman ever sits in judgment on her.

"Women are harsher," she says.

In all the twelve, however, there wasn't a sterner opponent of women jurors than . . .

11.—**MRS. H. G. BATES**, of Tudor Road, Leicester.

"Nine women out of ten would either be influenced by the looks of the prisoner, or would listen to the handsomest lawyer. Their minds would be made up by then, unless they fell under the influence of a handsome juror."

12.—**MISS ESME BELL**, assistant in a West End of London tobacco kiosk, comes now, and with an entirely new point of view.

"I wouldn't mind a jury of single girls," she said, "but I wouldn't want married women, being single myself. Within a year of marrying themselves, they are entirely out of sympathy with single girls.

"But they don't often have young single girls on juries, do they?—so I think I would want a jury of men."

* * *

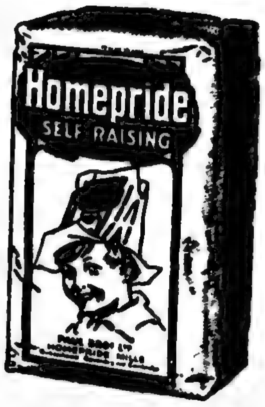
Well, there are the views of twelve women, given in the order received, heedless of whether one was saying what another had already said. Altogether, they represent a determined refusal to be judged by women.

How many of the thousands of women represented by the "delegates of 132 Women's Institutes" would echo their views?

Brandy... MARTELL . . . has SO MANY USES

With a bottle in the cupboard you've a cellar in the house!

How many housewives have learnt this cookery secret?



The texture of puddings and cakes and pastries depends largely on one thing—the fineness of the flour you use. Which is why even a good cook gets a pleasant surprise the first time she uses Homepride. For Homepride is sifted through pure, super fine silk. It positively ensures a fine, smooth texture. A cake or a pie made the Homepride way is nice *all* the way through. Start using Homepride to-day!

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In return for 12 empty 1 lb. bags, or equivalent, we will send you a magnificent bound Cookery Book containing 174 special recipes. And while you are saving up for this, get the booklet containing a selection of recipes from the big book. Free of course; write Dept. J.3. Homepride Mills, Birkenhead.

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She's made two discoveries. First, that pills and purgatives only temporarily relieve constipation. Secondly, that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a natural, safe regulator, which supplies the "bulk" necessary for complete elimination. Eat two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN every day. Serve with cold milk or cream. No cooking needed. At all grocers'.

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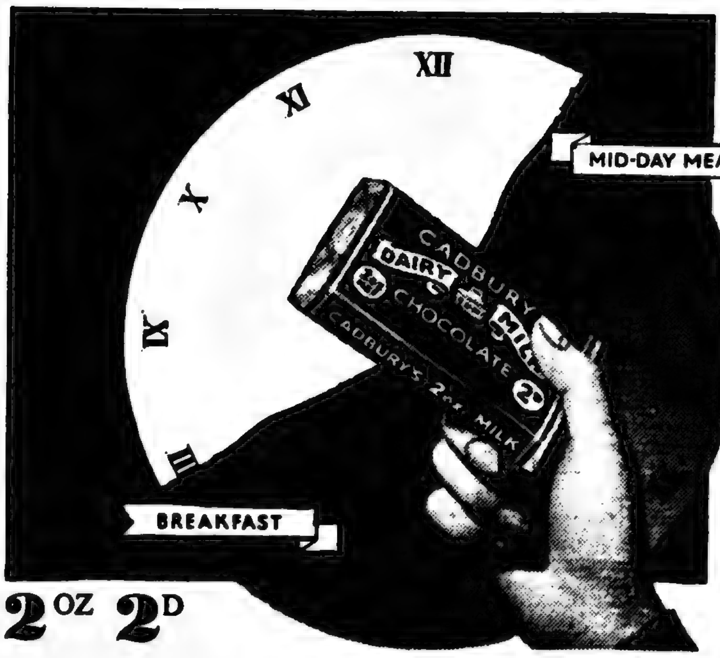
CONSTIPATION 130

Too big a gap 'twixt breakfast and the mid-day meal

Eat more often

Not more food, but more frequent food

. . . SAY THE DOCTORS



2OZ 2D

Well . . . now that the doctors have told us that we'd all work much better, and feel tired less often, if we ate smaller meals and more of them—now that we've accepted the scientists' great discovery that five meals a day keep us fitter than three—*what are we doing about this morning gap?* A snack at eleven is indicated, but . . .

A packet of Cadburys Milk Chocolate solves the problem. It fills the gap to perfection. It is no bother, eating it need not interfere with work, and it is A.1. nourishment—a *balanced* meal, in fact. There's a glass and a half of good British milk, rich in cream, in every half-pound block; and analysis shows that there are very few food-stuffs that provide greater energy value than the cacao bean—the main ingredient of chocolate.

CADBURYS
DAIRY
MILK
CHOCOLATE
7½

KEEP GOING ON

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE

OPEN LETTER
TO
Mr. SOMEBODY
AND HIS SON

Dear Sir,—The natural desire of most parents is to give their children a fair chance in life in the form of a good College Training, also there are many young men who would like to *go to College* but for some reason are not able to do so. Let us tell you here and now, you can get a Complete College Training without having to go anywhere, and at a reasonable monthly fee for tuition. For well over 30 years we have been training students for all the Key positions, by post, in all parts of the world. Distance is nothing when you are studying by your own fireside.

The nature of our business makes us keep in touch with employment requirements, therefore we specialise in preparing students for the good positions which we know exist, and for all the worth-while examinations.

Write to us for Free particulars of any subject which interests you, or if your career is not decided, write and tell us of your likes and dislikes, and we will give you practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

You will be under no obligation whatever, it is our pleasure to help. J. H. Bennett

Also ask for

THE
HUMAN MACHINE
by
E. R. THOMPSON

This useful little book is Free to all thinking people.

It teaches you how to Memorise.
" " " " " Concentrate.
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If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject.

IT IS THE PERSONAL TOUCH WHICH COUNTS IN POSTAL TUITION

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Hullo, Hallelujah!

BY GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH

In an Interview

"Blood and Fire, yes—but to bring love to the unloved"

GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH, supreme head of the Salvation Army throughout the world, has just told me I have a clean-living face.

Whether I have or not doesn't matter. It was a disconcerting beginning to an interview in which I sought to see the world through the General's eyes.

It made it very difficult for me to approach the real object of my mission, which was to ask her, as the head of a movement with ramifications in almost every country in the world, whose motto is "Blood and Fire," what she thinks of peace, war, Fascism, Communism, and all the other things that keep us talking.

I did ask her, and she answered my questions—very guardedly.

But I was shaken off the interview by one surprise or another at least fifty times in the course of an hour.

* * *

THERE is the woman herself, for instance. She looked so commanding when I saw her dominating the packed Albert Hall eight years ago. A steam-hammer personality.

But—steam-hammer, fiddlesticks, I found myself talking to a slight, slender, soft-voiced and very, very feminine type of woman, the kind a man wants to run and tell his troubles to. And—why shouldn't it be said?—attractive as well.

None of the austerity and dignity of the average bishop. Less, I should say, than the average curate—and remember that the Salvation Army is the biggest religious movement that has grown in the last hundred years.

Take this peep at her. She was telling me how she had greeted someone abroad. Somebody in the room explained to me that the usual greeting was "Hullo, Hallelujah!"

She laughed, looked at me positively roguishly. No, I will not withdraw the word. Roguish describes it.

"Fancy telling *him* about Hallelujah," she said, "him" being my humble self. "Why, he doesn't know what it means. Now tell us, do you know?"

I began by stammering that I might not know the exact dictionary meaning, but——

"No, and I don't suppose I know the exact dictionary meaning," she said. "What I do know is that it is a greeting in the name of God that is the finest international passport in the world.

"It saves men in the most dangerous parts of the world, in brigand-infested parts of the Chinese hinterland, among wild mountain tribes, when no official passport would help in the slightest."

Just the opportunity I wanted. Now I could ask some of the questions I had in mind. And so I began.

* * *

WAR . . . could she, at the head of so widespread a world movement, see whether war was coming? . . . Had she a remedy? . . . How would it affect the Salvation Army? . . . Would Salvationist fight Salvationist?

Now her voice was that of the evangelist. "I'll tell you a story. I went to China. Japan was fighting China. In almost every Chinese heart there was hatred of Japan. They were suffering cruelly.

"They hailed me with 'Hallelujah!' Wherever I went it was 'Hallelujah!' They loved me, loved what I represented, loved the Army, loved God.

"I went to Japan. They hated the Chinese. They, too, hailed me with 'Hallelujah!' Wherever I went it was 'Hallelujah!' They loved me, the Army, God. Yet they were fighting.

"Will war come? It never ends in the vast territory that is the Salvationist's mission field. Why does it come? Ah!

"I met the Emperor of Japan. 'Tell me what I can do for the poor,' he said. I met prominent Chinese. 'Tell us,' they said. 'We want to help.' Yet they are fighting.

"It needs a few devils in men's hearts to start a war. Then it is war for everybody. That is all I know about it."

I broke the silence that followed. "But the Salvation Army? What is its part?"

"I can only say what my father the first General Booth laid down, that the army in any country should be officered by natives of that country. Chinese Salvationists, for instance, are led by Chinese; Japanese by Japanese.

"The international headquarters is helpless beyond that point—except to see that Salvationists try to do the ameliorative work that God would have them do."

Communism . . . what had she to say about that? "I'll tell you another story," she began.

"We were in Paris, a little party of us: in uniform. Two hundred thousand Communists were marching across the city. There were disorders, barricades. Thousands of police were keyed up. Tension was at breaking point.

"And we wanted to cross that never-ending procession of shouting men—'the Reds' they called them. We spoke to a police chief. 'You ought to find it easy,' he said.

"So we went up to the dense column. We raised our hands. 'Hallelujah!' we cried.

"The column split. One-half fell back. Men in the ranks raised their hands in the Communist salute. 'Hallelujah!' they said to us, and not mockingly.

"What do I think of Communism? Well, we have no politics. We treasure the Hallelujahs of those marching men as much as we would treasure anyone's. We treasure the leper's Hallelujah—the criminal's.

"There is Russia, for instance. Is it Bolshevism there, or Communism? I really don't know. They may be the same thing, for all I know. What I do know about Russia is that there is no Salvation Army there.

"But there was no Salvation Army there in the days of the Czars. It was not allowed, just as it is not allowed there to-day.

"We don't bother our heads about the politics of it. We have only one plain duty there, to get the Salvation Army into the country. And we'll do it one day. You'll see."

Fascism . . . what of that? What of dictators generally? Again: "I'll tell you a story," she said.

"During the Great War there were two close comrades in the Italian fighting ranks, both corporals. One was a Corporal Benito Mussolini. The other, his pal, was a humble Salvationist.

"To-day, two impressive figures stand side by side at great Italian festivals, particularly those that are [illegible] primarily of a military nature. One is Mussolini, the Chief. The other is his corporal pal, now the head of the Salvation Army in Italy.

"Of the politics of it all I have nothing to say. I only know that we who have been scorned and hounded are allowed to do our work there unhindered.

* * *

ANOTHER story, of another dictator. I have a little nephew, just enter- in his 'teens. He was at a school in Germany. Started a Bible class there. Got a hundred to join. Was very, very proud.

"He heard that Hitler was telling youth to be courageous, and naturally wondered what kind of courage was demanded of youth. So he sat down and told Hitler about his work, what difficulties there had been, how much courage was needed.

"And within twenty-four hours he had a reply, in Hitler's handwriting, to tell him that, yes, that was a very important form of the courage he wanted youth to show.

"Our social work has been brought to an end in Germany. All help must come from the State under the totalitarian idea. But our work for God marches forward."

She paused. "I could go on and on," she said. "There are many problems in the world, but we see a solution.

"Blood and Fire, yes, but in a different interpretation—to bring love to the unloved, particularly to the unlovable. And the world is full of unloved people to-day. Hallelujah!"

A Nurse's Collapse

"Last April I suffered a complete nervous breakdown," states Nurse Osborn, of 330, Brentwood Road, Romford, Essex. "I had severe pains in the head and neck; the nerves of my stomach gave way and I had attacks of vomiting. For weeks I was in constant pain; I couldn't eat or sleep, and wasted away to a shadow. I was so depressed that I was continually crying.

"At last I decided to try Dr. Williams pink pills, and after a few days there was a marked change. I began to want my food, and soon the head pains vanished. There was no more vomiting, and my nerves grew firm and steady. Now I can eat well and sleep soundly, and I have picked up all my lost flesh. It is a joy to be able to take up my profession again."

Not only for nervous troubles, but for rheumatism, anæmia, indigestion, sleeplessness, or any ailment due to poor blood, Dr. Williams brand pink pills are invaluable. The reason is this; these pills create new, rich blood, which brings with it new health, new vigour and strong nerves. Try them now; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

SAVE 10/- ON YOUR NEW COAT

and Pay little by little **3/-** DOWN WITH COUPON

Northmoor DISTINCTIVE STYLES

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

THIS COAT
29/11
4/- DOWN & 4/- MONTHLY

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No extra charge for O.S. Style No. A3E5001

"Northmoor" Leads in Style and Low Price!

You won't need to look further for your new Coat. Make your choice of these two practical styles to-day. Either can be yours for a small down payment and at a saving price—if you use the MARSHALL WARD Thrifty Credit Plan. You get the advantage, too, of seeing it first "On Approval" before you buy.

We believe that Marshall Ward are the only House in all Great Britain to offer you the opportunity to save money on necessities—without one penny being added for the convenience of our "sensible" credit terms.

No charge **FOR CREDIT**

No. A3E5001. Specially for the Matron

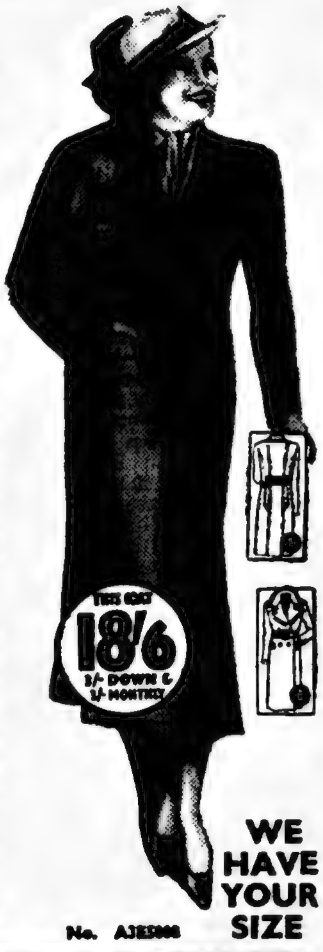
For ease, comfort and smartness, choose a NORTHMOOR style Notice how the collar stands up at the back, and is fitted so that the border of selected Skunk Opossum becomingly encircles the face. In All Woollen coat material, closely woven with slight rib effect—reliable for good wear and warmth. Fashioned on semi-fitting, dressy lines, with neat, panelled back and well-shaped sleeves. Lined with good quality Celanese to tone. *No extra charge for O.S.* COLOURS: Black, Nigger, Navy, Bottle Green, or Mulberry. SIZES: Hips 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 inches. Length 44, 46, 48, 50 inches.

Be sure to state hip and length measures and colour.

No. A3E5000. All Wool Herringbone Tweed

Smart at any time and for a long time . . . because you can rely upon this superior All Wool Herringbone Tweed for wear. In the latest ever-popular double-breasted style, with fitted waistline, tailored revers, set-in pockets, and fashionably stitched sleeves and panelled back. Lined with good quality Celanese. You can choose (A) with half-belt at back; or (B) with belt all around. COLOURS: Navy Blue, Cinnamon Brown, or Rich Dark Brown. SIZES: Hips 36, 38, 40, 42 inches. Lengths 44, 46, 48, 50 inches. O.S. Sizes: 2/6 extra. Hips 44, 46, 48, 50 inches.

Be sure to state hip and length measurements, colour and belt style.



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To MARSHALL WARD, Ltd., Mare Street, London, E.8.

I enclose 3/- for superior All Wool Herringbone Tweed Coat, No. A3E5000, to be sent to me "On Approval."

I enclose 4/- for All Woollen Coat with Fur Collar, No. A3E5001, to be sent to me "On Approval."

(Cross out whichever not required.)

If I return the Coat, you are to return my full Postal Order and also cost of return postage. Otherwise, I will pay 3/- each month (4/- each month for No. A3E5001) until your special price plus 9d. postage is paid.

Length measurement ....

Colour ....

Hip Measurement ....

(A) Half-belt at back. (B) Belt all around. (*Strike out style NOT required.*)

Name { Husband ....
Name { Wife ....

Address ....

....

Town ....

County .... Occupation ....

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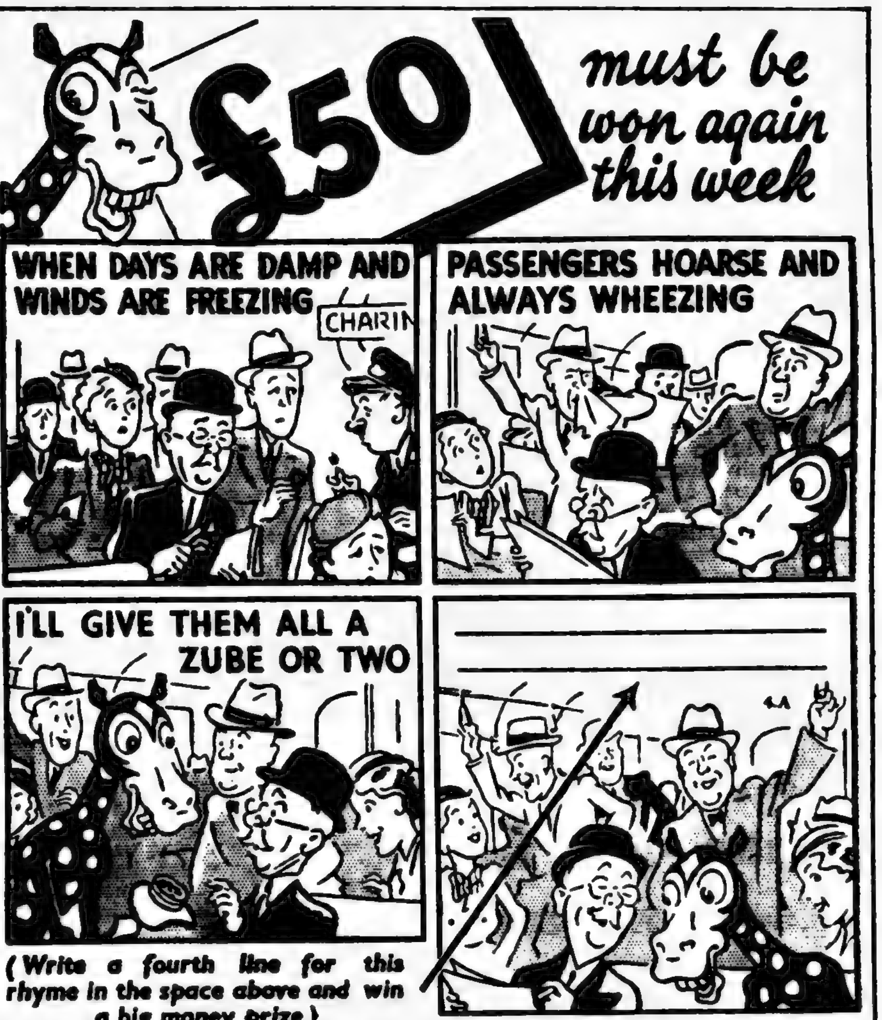
£50
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WHEN DAYS ARE DAMP AND WINDS ARE FREEZING
CHARIN
PASSENGERS HOARSE AND ALWAYS WHEEZING
I'LL GIVE THEM ALL A ZUBE OR TWO

(Write a fourth line for this rhyme in the space above and win a big money prize)

1st Prize £25; 2nd Prize £10; 3rd Prize £5; twenty prizes of 10/- each. Are you going to win one of them? Zubes competitions give you a chance every week. Think up a last line—and make it snappy! Then send it, together with your name and address and the wax paper disc from a tin of Zubes (or one of the bags in which Zubes are sold loose) to Dept. 42, ZUBES RHYMES, Sunnydale, Derby. Perhaps your entry will tickle the judges' fancy. Their decision is final, of course. Competition closing day is November 21st. Names and addresses of winners will be published in "The Leader" Dec. 8 or can be obtained by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to the address above. Look out next week in this paper for Competition No. 5. If you don't win a prize this time, you'll still win the complete throat comfort that only Zubes can give you.

Hoarse? Go suck a Zube

In flat tins **3D.** and 6d.

Loose 2½d. per ounce

ZUBES

Zubes are best for throat and chest

Her Hair Was Falling Rapidly

KOTALKO was used—after several other different tonics had been tried to no benefit—

NOW Miss D. Bell is able to report that by the use of KOTALKO her hair soon stopped falling and coming away on the comb and a New, Beautiful, Healthy Growth developed free from Dandruff.

Also her hair, which was going grey, resumed its natural colour.

See how YOU, too, can free your hair and scalp from hair-killing dandruff, stop hair falling, and grow it again thicker and stronger than ever—even if nearly bald.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair. FEED Hair Roots daily with KOTALKO. Cleanse and Soften Scalp and Hair Follicles with Kotalko Scalp Soap—The TONIC Shampoo.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.
NAME ....
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Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

ASTHMA INSTANTLY RELIEVED!

After suffering from Asthma and Chronic Bronchitis for 14 years, Mr. H.W.G. (Ipswich) has found he gets more relief from ONE DO-DO Tablet a day than anything else he has tried, including "years in hospital." He writes, on September 23rd, 1936:

"I am never without them (DO-DO) and I hope I never will be. I feel that nothing so beneficial as DO-DO tablets were ever offered the public; no-one can truthfully say that they are not the most safest, cheapest and most reliable treatment for all forms of Asthma, but they will greatly assist other forms of difficult breathing. In 1930 I received a certificate to the effect that my condition was such that there was direct evidence of Chronic Bronchitis and Emphysema of at least 8 years, which went to prove that my complaint was well established then. In spite of various drugs and medicines, I found little or no relief. . . . I tell you this because I have this year had the best year so far, and I have had no medicine whatsoever from my doctor; my only medicine is a DO-DO tablet first thing in the morning."

DO-DO (Brand) Asthma Tablets will do as much for you! Of all Chemists, 1/- and 3/- (four times the quantity).

ONE DoDo a day
Keeps **ASTHMA** at bay

Build your Own Electric Clock

For full details turn to page 33.

make LIXEN your laxative

LIXEN — with its gentle but *complete* laxative action — has proved that constipation can be cured without discomfort. People call LIXEN a 'good-tempered' laxative—

entirely effective

Your lozenge or your dose, of LIXEN is full of the splendid laxative property of senna. Senna prepared *by a special Allen & Hanburys process.* Its goodness concentrated. Its unpleasant griping constituents excluded — that's why LIXEN is—

entirely gentle

Gentle to your "inside"—quietly, carefully, LIXEN does its job of curing constipation. Gentle to your palate—the lozenges are fruit flavoured (this makes LIXEN especially popular with children). Get your first supply *today!*

change to the *'good-tempered'* laxative

Obtainable only from chemists. Liquid in bottles, 1/-, 1/9 and 3/-. Lozenges, blackcurrant flavoured, in tins, 7½d. and 1/-. L1

Cooler Smoking Finer Flavour *when you roll in* A.G.

You don't know how really good a smoke can be till you roll your own —in A.G. No chemicals in *this* paper to make the cigarette fizzle away—or hide the tobacco flavour. That's why your usual tobacco will seem so much better when you use this famous paper. Just cool, real-flavoured smokes that actually cost less than you pay now. And the *improved* automatic A.G packet is a great idea.

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Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS *Now packed in 2 styles*

THE *IMPROVED* AUTOMATIC PACK COSTS NO MORE

FOG—WON'T TROUBLE YOU IF NUTTALLS MINTOES 4

Cycling sport, as an aid to the industry, has become a colossal organisation in the past few years

Twenty Million Wheels of Fortune

ALL down that area of the Midlands which some call the Black Country are scores of factories whose windows are ablaze with light the night through.

What are they making? Guns? Bullets? Aeroplane parts? Armour-plate? . . . No! It is wheels of peace, of fortune, of prosperity which are turning—not wheels of war. And it is *wheels* they are making . . . bicycles—by the thousand, by the hundred thousand.

Behind those doors which will never close between now and Christmas there is going forward the most amazing "come-back" story in the history of industry.

These next few months is a peak period of preparation and production for the cycle industry. It is a topsy-turvy trade. Just as, when you and I are sweltering on summer beaches, the Christmas-card makers are hard at work and thinking in terms of snow and holly, so bicycle-makers are now working for next summer's market, thinking of hedgerows and leafy lanes, and in terms of hubs and chains, "alloy" frames, of swansdown lightness, saddles and tyres of cushioned ease.

And what a market!

Five years ago the British cycle industry was in a poor sort of way. As far as the home market was concerned, they said, the cheap light car and crowded roads, unemployment and depression—and a dozen other assorted reasons—was killing it. As far as the export market was concerned there were duties and quotas everywhere, and Japanese competition at 10s. 6d. a machine, wholesale—and so, again, a long, regretful good-bye.

But now . . .?

* * *

IN four short years the number of bicycles on the road *has increased by 95 per cent.*

The overseas market is up by 150 per cent. on last year. In spite of the Yellow Peril's onslaught on the international cycle market, Britain exported £3,000,000 worth of cycles and spare parts last year, as against Japan's £1,100,000. We do 50 per cent. of the business in India, which is the biggest single market outside of Europe. And, in spite of colossal duties (nearly 100 per cent.) and our higher selling price and technical difficulties like wheel sizes, the British makers are capturing the South American market.

To-day, from being a moribund trade five years ago, with the last cycle on the way to a museum to join the velocipede and the "penny-farthing," it is an industry worth £20,000,000, with a home market of over 10,000,000 cyclists.

Of course, there were certain developments outside of the trade itself which have helped the "come-back" of the bicycle—better roads, the housing of workers farther afield, and so on. But in the main the trade has rescued itself from the dumps by astute business reorganisation.

The factories got down to re-designing bicycles from tyres to saddle. They started using scientists, metallurgists, experts on alloys and rubber and laboratory engineers. The result is to-day you ride a bicycle one-third as light as father's, and less than half the weight of grandfather's. Miracles of ingenuity have been applied to tyres, wheels and gear systems, so that a modern bike rides twice as easily as one five years ago. And —it is cheaper. A whole lot cheaper.

At the same time, the manufacturers applied themselves to reviving the bicycle in the minds of the public by means of sporting events. All the pre-war cycle races have been reborn and the old speed records attacked with the new machines—and made to look very silly. Speed is the selling story with a machine of any kind, and the bicycle makers have taken a leaf out of the book of the motor-car and aeroplane manufacturers.

* * *

NOW there are official time trials on push-bikes up to 24 hours and distance trials up to 1,000 miles. The speed of 76 miles an hour has been reached on a modern bicycle (motor-paced), and 460 miles have been covered in 24 hours.

Cycling sport, as a help to the industry, has become colossally organised in the last four or five years. The latest development is the "six-day bicycle races," an idea imported from the Continent, which took place for the first time at Wembley a few weeks ago.

The promoters of this new sport have secured a ten-year concession. For their first race at Wembley they brought over the best of the Continental "cracks," men who make as much as £4,000 a time out of these events, and using the last word in specially developed foreign racing machines. The distance covered by the winning pair in these six-day races is anything between 2,500 and 3,000 miles, and is almost a final breaking strain on men and machines. Both are trained for such events and experience counts. Yet in spite of our *inexperience*, a British machine won in the Wembley race.

The result of all this intensive "five-year plan" by the bicycle manufacturers for improving and cheapening their product and pressing it before the public is the present cycling "craze" which has gripped Britain. Ten million cyclists is the answer and an output of 2,000,000 cycles per annum. The cycling craze of the "nineties" is nothing compared with what has taken place in the last few years.

But is there another instance on record of an industry, born last century and dying after a generation, being reborn so completely in the unhealthiest economic period of our time?

And it is not only Britain. America, the land of the cheap motor-car, has been bitten with the cycling craze also —all in the past year or two, and because of the import of British machines. At the end of last year there were 8,000,000 cyclists in the United States—a jump up from a few hundred thousand total in 1930. American "big business" is cashing in on the bicycle. It expects 12,000,000 riders at the end of this year.

* * *

THERE is one snag, however, which the industry and its 10,000,000 customers is fighting hard to circumvent in this country. The terrific growth in cycling as a national interest has not escaped the attention of Whitehall, and particularly of the tax-hungry Treasury.

The proposal for cycling paths on main roads is, they say, one step in that direction; somebody will have to pay for those paths. Besides, once the cyclist is kept to a special path alongside some roads, it is easier to prohibit him altogether on certain other roads. Cyclists feel that they are being discriminated against unfairly in favour of the motorists. But motorists certainly pay a tax to use the road, answers the Treasury, and five bob a nob on ten million cyclists would bring in £2,500,000 a year.

The issue of taxation on cyclists, or not, will be decided during this session of Parliament. The cyclists say: Never will we pay a tax. Behind them stand the powerful interests of the great new thriving bicycle-making industry. Do you think ten million cyclists *can* be wrong?

C. O.

Greatest of These

Remembrance

Donald

WEDNESDAY was Remembrance Day for the fallen in the war. "We will remember them" best of all by turning to help their comrades who, though they were not killed, have fallen by the way through poverty and the countless ills that follow in its train.

Look at little three-year-old Donald's ex-Service dad who is lying in a sanatorium, suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis and gastric trouble. When his wife can find the necessary shillings to visit him, he sees what a nervous wreck she is through worry because there is a high rent to meet, and five young children to keep on so very little. She remembers with dread how when her husband was unemployed they were turned out of the home they had occupied for twelve years at a few days' notice, because they could no longer pay their rent.

If we receive a nice lot of donations earmarked "Donald," his father will remember with gratitude this year's Armistice Day.

All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. Make it a long one, please.

FINE NEW TREATMENT FOR COLDS & CATARRH.

Easy to make and costs little.

If you suffer from catarrh, head noises or continual buzzing deafness, accompanied by constant dropping of phlegm—which is simply one manifestation of catarrh, here's a fine recipe that has brought a permanent cure in thousands of cases where all other treatments have failed. Get from your chemist 1oz. of Parmint Double Strength. Take it home and mix it with half a pint of sugar or honey syrup as directed. Then you have a big bottle of the most effective of all medicines for killing the catarrh germ.

But before you take it, take one of the Parmintab tablets he will give you with the Parmint. It will break the phlegm instantly, thus bringing instant ease to your breathing and relieving your hearing and at the same time allowing the Parmint to reach the germs lurking in the phlegm choked passages. You'll be surprised how quickly this simple home made treatment ends catarrh. It's much better than any ready made medicine. So, make a note to get that ounce of Parmint Double Strength to-day.

NERVOUS
RHEUMATISM!
Has SUN-STARVATION *lowered your* NERVE RESISTANCE ?

Are you laid up with agonising nervous rheumatic pain at the slightest change in the weather? If so it is your nerves which are at fault. Successful nerve resistance to illness, especially nervous rheumatism, depends on them. After a poor summer your whole nervous system becomes undernourished and sun-starved. To replace this lack of 'sun-food' you should take Phosferine. It feeds and strengthens the nerves, enabling them once more to do their full share in keeping you fit, buoyant and 'alive.'

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC
The Greatest of all Tonics

for	*for*	*for*	*for*
DEPRESSION	BRAIN-FAG	INFLUENZA	ANAEMIA
HEADACHE	NEURALGIA	RHEUMATISM	DEBILITY
INDIGESTION	SLEEPLESSNESS	SCIATICA	NEURASTHENIA

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.
The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.
WARNING. The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations

A Better, Safer Way To Clean Dentures

Why not clean and purify your own artificial teeth by the same harmless and thorough method dentists are now employing? It removes every stain and discoloration. Tartar is softened and comes off easily. Teeth lose their unsanitary mucin film and are given the clean, attractive lustre of 'live' natural teeth. The denture gums are made a wholesome, fleshy pink. Your denture defies detection. Ask your chemist for Steradent. No brushing. No acids. Absolutely harmless. A powerful, pleasant sterilising ingredient ensures purified, odorless dentures. **"I have never used anything that compares with it,"** states Mr. R. W., a leading member of the dental profession. Price 1/- and 1/9 at all chemists.

Mr. R. W., a well-known dentist, writes: "I have used Steradent on one of the hardest-to-clean plates I ever saw and it cleaned it perfectly."

WARNING! Refuse imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your dentures beyond repair. Use 'Steradent' and you take no chances.

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THE Drage Christmas Number is a wonderful guide to Home Happiness . . . a copy is waiting to be sent to you—it's Free! Simply fill in the Coupon on p. 14!

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This sample of Mason's Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences will convince you that for purity, strength, flavour they make the best home-made wines.

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GINGER WINE ESSENCE

The popular favourite in thousands of homes. Warming, comforting and refreshing. Ideal for parties.

Price 9d. per bottle from Chemists, Grocers and Stores everywhere.

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TO NEWBALL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM.
Please send me sample case of your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences. I enclose 9d. in stamps.

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the secret of
a 'fishy' story
and of a good tobacco

LLOYDS'
BONDMAN
is always COOL and FRESH

● BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D. per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D. per oz.

IT'S PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

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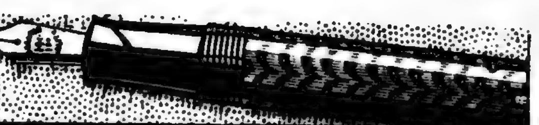
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER



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This Coupon with P.O for 2/9, plus 3d postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

BACKACHE
a sign of Kidney Weakness

"Every Picture tells a Story."

SHARP or continuous pains in the small of the back are bad enough, but urinary disorders, stiff, painful joints, nerve pains, disturbed sleep or swollen limbs may also distress you if the kidneys are neglected. Doans Backache Kidney Pills end these troubles by their special action upon the kidney filters. They strengthen these delicate organs, so that the harmful poisons are properly filtered out of the blood. Rich, pure blood again nourishes the system, and health and vigour are regained.

A Wreck of my former Self

Mrs. A. Watson, "Haysville," London Road, Biggleswade, says:—"For seven weeks I could hardly move. Fearful pains in the back nearly doubled me up. My hands and ankles were swollen and I seemed to lose control of the bladder. There was gravel and a scalding pain in relief. I was a wreck of my former self.

"Doans Backache Kidney Pills were the making of me. Although my case seemed chronic I lost my backache and could work with ease. (*Signed*) A. Watson."

Get Rid of Kidney Troubles, Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest.

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/-

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

The Sportsman's
COMPLETE SERVICE
Racing · Football · Greyhounds

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WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

Fixed Price Football
Six Leagues Nothing Barred

40 YEARS REPUTATION
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LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at
FULL STARTING PRICE
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in accordance with rules
Registered Letters must be posted overnight.

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Please send me particulars of your service.
I am over 21 years of age.

Name ....
J.B.14.11.36
Address ....
Town ....
County....................

BIG TWO

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2
Send for our Weekly Lists

DARE YOU START Life ANEW?

Human Documents by Philip Inman

When scope must be found it is no use wavering. Courage is the great need

"I CAN'T put my back into my work," writes one of my readers, "it just doesn't interest me."

He is not alone. There are thousands of folk in the same position. Their daily round is a humdrum existence. Their motto might well be, "Come day, go day, God send Sunday."

Life has become a very dreary business for the man referred to in my first letter—and for his wife, who writes:

My husband has been employed for fourteen years as a clerk. From the first he disliked the work and this dislike has grown until it has become a positive dread. It has affected his health, so that he has attended hospital for neurasthenia. The treatment did him no good, although he attended for about two years, simply because the cause of the trouble could not be removed.

"That is the trouble and this is the problem. In his superannuation fund he has accumulated between £200 and £250. Do you think he would be justified in giving up his job and drawing that money? Is it sufficient and how could he best use it? I would do all in my power to help him, as it is terribly worrying to see one you love suffer as I know he does. I would add that we have no children."

For fourteen years this man has slaved at a job that is nauseating to him. As a result his health has suffered, And his wife has suffered, too, in having to watch him. From every standpoint a way of escape must be found. And that way seems possible through that superannuation money.

▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

NOW here I come up against a difficulty. I am not told what work this man can do and what he would like to do. I am not very keen in recommending the purchase of a small business. That field is already overcrowded and there is intense competition.

There is one possible exception. I wonder if this man and his wife are fond of country life. If so, they might take over a little general shop with a post office attached. In that way they would be assured of a definite income, small though it may be.

Although they would be pretty well tied, the compensations would undoubtedly be better health and freedom from the present strain and worry. If this does not appeal, there are other occupations, such as the purchase of an insurance book or, if the man could undertake manual labour, the acquisition of a market garden. The risks of branching-out on one's own are minimised in this case, for there are no children to be considered. They will be justified, therefore, in going ahead.

Now, fortunately, this husband and wife are at one in their desires for the future. That does not apply in my next case. This man writes:

"I am in the early thirties, have a pretty safe job, but with not much prospect of advancement beyond a certain limit. Now, although this is satisfactory enough for my wife, it is not what I had aimed at. We have had a nice legacy left us recently and I want to use this to purchase a business of my own and try and make something out for myself.

"My wife is completely opposed to the idea and we have had some rather bitter quarrels as a result. She says we ought to buy a house with the money and invest the rest, and in this she is ably backed up by her family. I am not able to say much to them, as my father's business went bankrupt some time ago and they think that would be my fate."

I am not told to whom that legacy was left—my correspondent or his wife. If the latter, then she has a right to say what shall be done with it. And it would be unwise to induce her to buy a business against her judgment.

If, however, the money was left to him, he is entitled to say how it shall be utilised. And the fact that his father went bankrupt should not be held against him. But I urge him to exercise caution before embarking on a business of his own. I have already mentioned earlier in this article some of the difficulties in taking a step of this kind. And in this case there are others.

His wife is opposed to it and that might easily affect his chances. Quarrels in the home would not be conducive to success in the shop. It seems a pity that this man and his wife can't reach some common ground of agreement. By pulling together much could be achieved, for it is true in every walk of life that unity is strength.

My advice to this man is to work for that end. Let him inspire his wife with his keenness and enthusiasm. Let him prove to her that given the chance he can and will make good. And once having convinced her she should be ready to co-operate with him in securing a happier and more successful future.

▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

MY next correspondent says:

"I am thirty-four years of age and unmarried and for the last seventeen years I have worked for a multiple concern. I have now risen to be the manageress of a local branch with a salary of £4 a week and all my food. The firm has been exceedingly kind to me and I am very happy in my work."

So far that sounds good—but now for the problem. This woman tells me that she has a young sister of twenty-three who is entirely dependent upon her. This girl has been ill for some years and has been unable to work. Her health is now improving and the doctor suggests that she should have some interest in her life and advises light employment or preferably a little business of her own.

She has applied for various positions, but is always told, "You don't look strong enough." As a result she is losing hope. My correspondent has to work long hours and her sister is therefore left alone. The letter concludes:

"Ought I to give up my job and take a business where there is living accommodation, which my sister and I could work together?

I have no hesitation in answering the questions of my correspondent. As things are, it would be exceedingly foolish to give up her present occupation. I say that for three reasons.

First of all, she has no capital whatever. I know, from the experience of many of my readers, how unwise it is to start a business on borrowed money. Secondly, her present work is the means of livelihood, not only for herself, but for her sister. It is in the latter's interests that it should be continued.

▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

THIRDLY, by hard and conscientious work extending over seventeen years this woman has risen to a position of responsibility. Her employers have treated her kindly and she is happy in her work. It should be possible to find that sister some interest in life without entailing such a sacrifice.

Could she not take up some study that would occupy a few hours a day and would equip her for a position in life later on? Could she not undertake some light voluntary work such as assisting at the local welfare centre?

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Highlander's Cup

TO-MORROW'S Liverpool Autumn Cup did not fare too badly at the acceptance stage and, as usual, Lord Derby will have a fancied runner—Highlander.

The Blue Boy will be suited by course and distance and this is the race "mapped" out for Stone Ginger. The latter will take an immensity of beating, but may find Highlander too good.

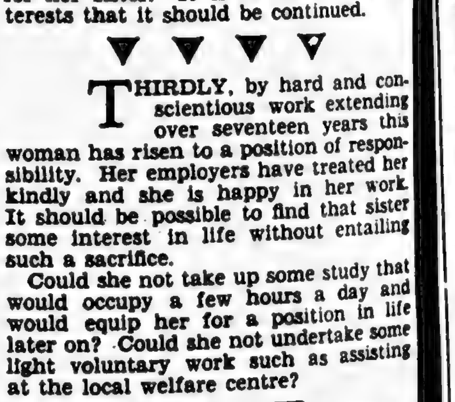
Commander III is greatly fancied for the Grosvenor Cup this week-end, and Le Maestro should outclass the opposition in the November Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, November 12, to Wednesday, November 18.

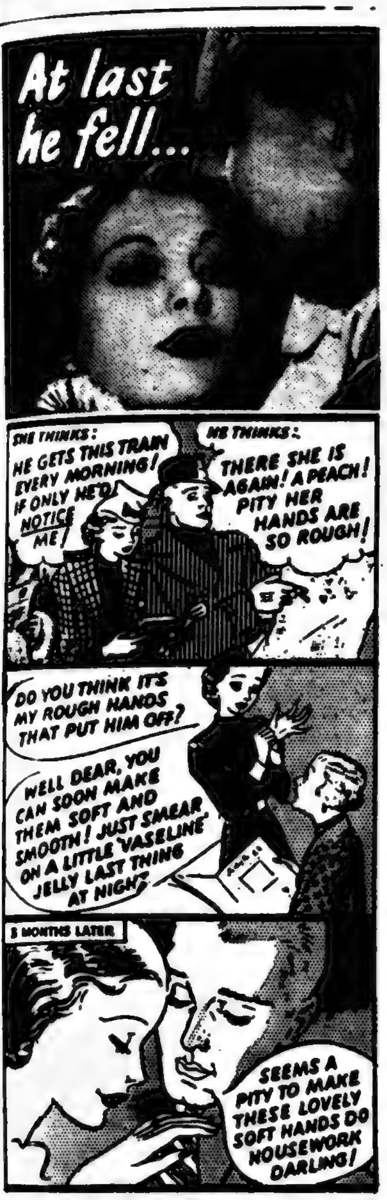
M	E	J	T	B	A	K	X	U	Z	R	98	96	D	V	H
G	94	N	93	I	95	S	O	Y	97	L	W	F	P	Q	C

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95RMX would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95G2U would read SAMMY.



AH, MR JONES, I SEE YOU USE SHAVALLO
1/- STICK
SHAVALLO FOR A SWIFT SMOOTH SHAVE . . .
JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED
SV 38-99

NIPITS
VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES
THE WARMTH GOES ROUND & AROUND
1d PKTS
3d TINS


At last he fell...
SHE THINKS: HE GETS THIS TRAIN EVERY MORNING! IF ONLY HE'D NOTICE ME!
HE THINKS: THERE SHE IS AGAIN! A PEACH! PITY HER HANDS ARE SO ROUGH!
DO YOU THINK IT'S MY ROUGH HANDS THAT PUT HIM OFF?
WELL DEAR, YOU CAN SOON MAKE THEM SOFT AND SMOOTH! JUST SMEAR ON A LITTLE 'VASELINE' JELLY LAST THING AT NIGHT
3 MONTHS LATER
SEEMS A PITY TO MAKE THESE LOVELY SOFT HANDS DO HOUSEWORK DARLING!

Don't let marriage turn kissable hands into "Housework Hands"

The skin of your hands is different from the skin of your face. Hand skin needs a *different* kind of protection. That is why "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is the best protection — it prevents roughness and redness. It prevents soda from getting into your skin. Smooth it on last thing at night for soft, smooth hands. Jars: 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes. Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

"Vaseline"
Petroleum Jelly

1044-I

4½ 6 9

What you need to restore vitality is MORE IRON

Doctors are only now finding out how much Vitality and Health depend upon IRON. It was once thought that only the blood needs iron, but it is now known that every cell, every tissue, every organ in the body *must have iron* to keep it vigorous.

Even if there is enough iron in your blood your tissues may still be iron-starved. Consequently your whole organism begins to run down — you feel weak, nervy, dispirited, and have no energy or appetite.

IRON is not a medicine. IRON is an essential constituent of every cell in your body. That is why ordinary tonics give you only temporary help so long as you remain IRON-STARVED.

Clearly, the *only* remedy for IRON STARVATION is MORE IRON, and the simplest way to give your body more iron is to take IRON 'JELLOIDS.'

As your body absorbs the strengthening iron contained in IRON 'JELLOIDS', your entire system will be raised to a new level of vigorous health. Your blood will be enriched, your nerves strengthened. You will sleep soundly, have a keen appetite, and enjoy your food. New energy and vigorous vitality will replace that former tired, listless feeling, and life will again be a joy.

Was run-down and depressed

"I was very run-down, had no appetite, was losing weight, and felt depressed. I decided to try Iron 'Jelloids.' Soon I felt my old self again. Lassitude gave way to vigour, and my friends remarked on my wonderful improvement in health." (Mr.)——

Always ailing

"I was always ailing. If I had a job to do I used to cry. I gave Iron 'Jelloids' a trial. They did me good, so I kept on. Now I do all my own work and feel fine. Iron 'Jelloids' have made life worth living." (Mrs.)——

Iron Jelloids

correct the Iron Starvation which causes

Weakness	Breathlessness	Poor Appetite	Paleness
Exhausted Nerves	Faintness	Weak Digestion	Sallowness
Lack of Energy	Palpitation	Constipation	Falling Hair
Depression	Heart Pains	Headaches	Brittle Nails
Liability to Colds	Numbness	Sore Tongue	Skin Blemishes

Of all Chemists: 3/- *(36 days' treatment)* 1/3 *(10 days' treatment)*

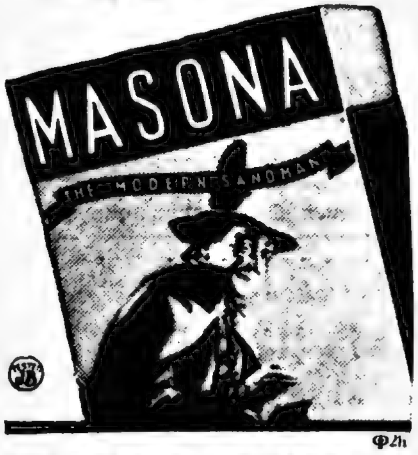
For WOMEN : Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2. For MEN : No. 2a. For CHILDREN : No. 1.

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

No sleep?—Why don't you try this new herb nightcap—*and* it won't affect your figure

Here is a recipe for sounder, more refreshing sleep—a spoonful of MASONA in a glass of hot or cold water at bedtime. For the sole function of MASONA is to induce natural sleep. The woman afraid of putting on weight; the business man troubled with indigestion; the woman too bone-weary to fuss with a lot of preparation—these are some of the people who thank their stars for MASONA!

Buy a 1/- bottle of MASONA (sufficient for 12 drinks) from your chemist, grocer or dept. stores today; or mail the coupon for a trial bottle post free.



Φ2h

COUPON To Newball & Mason Ltd. Beech Avenue, Nottingham.
Please send me one trial bottle of MASONA. I enclose 1/-.

Name..

Address..

....

TERRIBLE TOLL OF THE FLAMES....

ALL over the country mankind's dread enemy—FIRE—is causing havoc, devastation and hardship. In London alone the fire brigades have been in action on no fewer than 7,276 occasions since the beginning of the year.

Whose house will be next? You may be as careful as you like, yet a tiny spark, unnoticed, may turn your home into a raging inferno. If such a terrible calamity were to fall upon you and yours, would you not be glad of practical assistance that would enable you to replace those lost precious possessions that mean home to you? By simply filling up the forms below you can be assured of this wonderful help.

JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard your precious possessions against damage by the dread enemy—FIRE.

JOHN BULL is also the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against Storm, Flood and Tempest damage, and the only paper to pay Sickness Benefits.

And JOHN BULL does still more. Under its supreme Free Insurance Gift it provides generous Benefits for accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Children's Accidents, etc.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS.

During last week alone JOHN BULL distributed no less than £660, as follows:

Household and Sickness Benefits	£174	0	0
Accident Benefits — Adults	£194	0	0
Accident Benefits — Children	£292	0	0

Remember! All Accident and Sickness Benefits are paid *in addition* to any amounts a reader may receive from other sources.

One Registration covers husband, wife, children (over six and under fifteen years of age), and the home.

IF YOU HAVE NOT YET REGISTERED FILL UP THE FORMS BELOW.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)..

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..

Address ....

....

....Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 14/11/36.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.
Age..................

Address ....

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent..

....

.... Date..................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 14/11/36.

SORES ON LEGS

London, W.C
Dear Sirs,—After using *GERMOLENE* for a week I have been completely cured of some awful sores on my legs. These sores were so bad that I was afraid Ulcers would develop and lead to me being rendered unfit for work. A nasty discharge came from them and the agony they gave me was awful. As a last resource, I tried your *GERMOLENE*, and the pain and soreness left me at the first dressing. In two days the skin was already looking more healthy and now I am quite cured. My friends have also found your Ointment absolutely unbeatable for all kinds of Cuts, Burns, Bruises etc., and we are all more grateful than we can say. Yours sincerely, Mr. P. O'C.

ACCEPT THIS OFFER

PROVE NOW, AT OUR INVITATION, the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL! If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, within one month of purchase and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL!

ECZEMA, BAD LEG, PSORIASIS, ACHE, PIMPLES, BOILS, CUTS, RASH, SORES, WOUNDS, CHAPS and CHILBLAINS

Healed by Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Price 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin, Tubes 4/6

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

The discomfort caused by a strong dose of medicine can be agonisingly painful to a child. It is like turning a screw in the tender, sensitive little bowels.

How different is the gentle, smooth, easy action of 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a pure fruit laxative that starts a *natural* movement which carries away all the hard, clogged-up waste-matter from the bowels without worrying the child in the least. In a few hours, after all the half-digested food and poisonous, fermenting waste-matter have passed from the bowels, the child is like a different being—happy, contented and full of "go."

The internal cleansing which 'California Syrup of Figs' gives is positive but *gentle*, and without the faintest twinge of discomfort.

Many mothers have adopted the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well.

'California Syrup of Figs' is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere because it is *safe* for children. It is sold by all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

PILES!

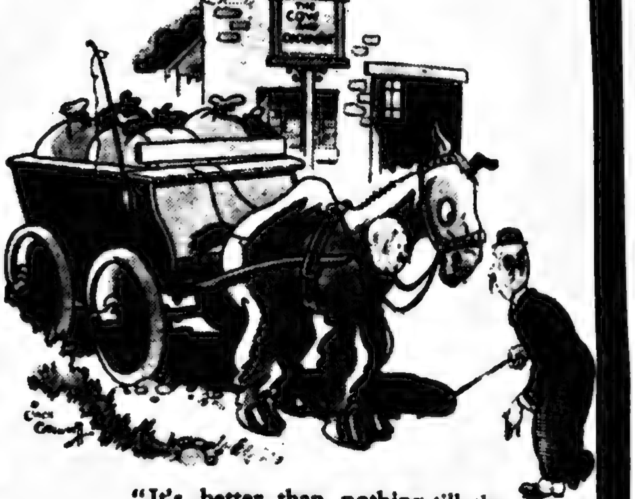
Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan. A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal external piles Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



"It's better than nothing till the Pantomime season starts."
(*From "The Passing Show"*)

ADVENTURER (Portsmouth).—"Who likes a man with cold feet?" Hot-water bottle manufacturers.

P. G. (Notts).—"The gas company swoops down like an army on defaulters." The charge of the light brigade.

J. D. (Lewisham).—"At this time of the year a plumber has work galore." On tap, so to speak.

B. C. (Moor Park).—"I have given up my wooden-headed driver." Do you mean your golf club or your chauffeur?

A. S. (Liverpool).—"A recent fire completely wiped out a saddler's shop." No traces were left?

MOTORIST (York).—"I killed a poor old lady's hens, and I intend to replace them." But can you lay eggs?

M. B. (Chiswick).—"He wanted me to bet that I could not get the car in the garage." And did you back it?

J. F. (Sheffield).—"There are far too many people manufacturing razor-blades." Too much cut-throat competition, you think?

S. B. (Sydenham).—"I saw a policeman boxing the other night and I was amazed by his reach." The long arm of the law.

N. McD. (London, S.).—"We first met in the revolving door of a restaurant." And then you started going round together?

BARBARA (Hereford). — "What steps should I take in order to get into a good revue chorus?" Mighty high ones.

H. C. D. (London, E.C.).—"Prosperity is ahead." There may be a good time coming, but it's certainly been a good time coming.

F. G. (Doncaster).—"Can you suggest a good pick-me-up for a fellow who has to do a lot of foot-slogging?" Would a lorry meet the case?

D. L. (Kennington).—"If your cook cannot boil fish, steaming is the best thing." But not many householders like treating their cooks to a Turkish bath.

INVENTOR (Yorkshire).—"I have been very successful with my latest invention—a new type of bucket for drawing water." It goes down well?

B. G. (Exeter).—"One of the things that we take for granted is the uncomplaining horse." It goes without saying, as it were.

OBSERVER (*West End*).—"*Most restaurant waiters have a photographic memory.*" *Especialy when your tip is in the negative.*

JIM (Hawick). — "An angler never speaks of fish as anything but 'prospective catch' and 'actual catch.'" Unless when one makes off with his bait, of course.

F. G. (Glasgow).—"If twelve boys raided an orchard and the farmer caught and bound three of them, how many would remain?" The three who were caught and bound.

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

NORTHAMPTON MERCURY AND HERALD:—"... she was alighting from a bus when she was involved in a COLLECTION with a motor-van."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"The police are ready to SWOON on 40 others."

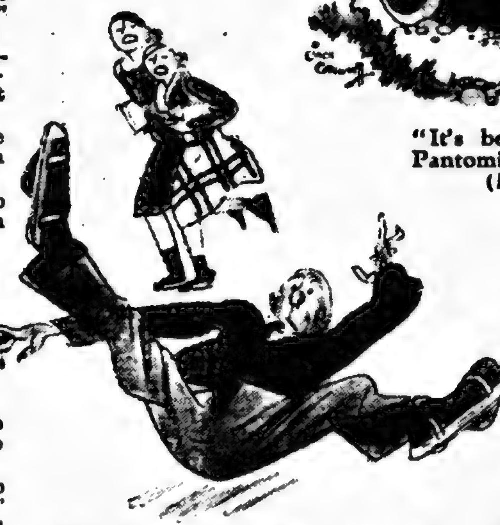
SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"Fog is also RELAYING Channel Islands steamers."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"A special STRAIN was put on by the G.W.R. in order that they might reach London in time."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"... her face was gloating over me, and with the OTHER HAND she was BITING me. ..."

ARDROSSAN AND SALTCOATS HERALD:—"A touring car failed to negotiate the rather sharp GENT."

ISLE OF THANET GAZETTE:—"The original charges were of breaking and ENTERTAINING the shop. ..."



J. G. C. Epping).—"When I first donned a pair of ice-skates, I was conscious of a feeling of manliness." But not for long

> IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

TOBY (Bromley).—"My brother-in-law's car seems to bump a lot." Of pedestrians?

CURIOUS (Camberwell).—"Which fruit first came to man's ears?" The melon.

FOOTSORE (Ilford).—"After years of searching I have found the perfect shoemaker." At last?

M. M. (Woking).—"Last night I dreamed that I was kicked by a horse." It must have been a nightmare.

R. L. (Exeter).—"Since marrying my wife I've got fonder of her daily." And is the daily help fond of you?

C. H. (Chatham).—"I like to see a man who is lost in his work." Lion tamers excepted, of course.

N. D. G (Blackheath).—"My bank manager is one of the touchiest men I know." Still we bet you can't touch him for much.

DENTIST (Blyth).—"Owing to a sudden rush of patients, I have had to work overtime." A genuine case of having to stop late at business.

CULPRIT (Walsall).—"I confess I used up my wife's housekeeping money on preparations to avoid the 'flu." You'll catch it!

S. M. (Dulwich).—"An eligible bachelor is angled for like a fish." Lured to the bait, hooked, played and landed—although some fish get away.

UNCLE (Berwick).—"I explained to the little chap that the heavy end of a match was the part with the phosphorus head." We should have said that was the light end.

D. C. (Sheffield).—"I cannot make up my mind to whom I ought to express my gratitude for the great success I have attained as a theatrical manager." Thank your stars.

FLAG SELLER (Hull).—"I accused my friend of deliberately crossing the road when he saw me approaching, but he denied it." You couldn't pin anything on him.

MRS. W. (Rochester). "When I screamed, my husband started thumping on the piano, although many of our friends were present." We know parties where this sort of thing is called entertaining the guests.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Fleet Street).—"I was very surprised when one of the football team's defenders, whom I had snapped, knocked my camera to the ground." Having taken a back you were taken aback?

FARMER (Sussex).—"My pigs ar nearly all ill." They cannot b cured?

A. N. (Aldershot).—"Soldiers o to-day are actually given tonics." Iron rations.

OUTFITTER (Reading). — "Every body seems to know when a ne belt comes on the market." It goe round.

R. H. (Reading).—"As I thin and speak of nothing but busines I'm sure to get on." People nerves.

B. T. (Colchester).—"Moles ar the cricket groundsman's biggest enemy." They make heaps of trouble?

R. P. (Dymchurch).—"Surely it i essential that every boat should have rudder." It's a stern necessity.

M. S. (Swansea).—"What with lat nights and so on, I see so little of m husband he might as well be dead." Bu he would still be your late husband.

"M.A." (Dunfermline).—"The averag clergyman is a poor mathematician." They are certainly always putting on and one together and making one.

W. W. (Worksop).—"Education in thi country will suffer a blow with th abolishing of home lessons." Yes, it wa father's only chance of keeping up.

C. E. (Worksop).—"It was queer tha my next-door neighbour cooked steak i the darkness of the night." Quite; th oven is the usual place.

DRAUGHTSMAN (*Eastbourne*).—"*Just because I took his king when he failed to take mine, he got up from the table in a temper.*" *Went off in a huff, eh?*

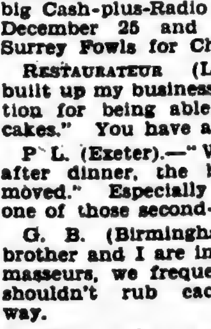
E. R. C. (Bath).—"Good music is essential to the enjoyment of a good meal." Then you'll appreciate the *Bullets* menu on page 47. It contains a fine range o big Cash-plus-Radio prizes for arrival b December 25 and 500 plump, tender Surrey Fowls for Christmas.

RESTAURATEUR (Lambeth). — "I hav built up my business solely on my reputa tion for being able to make good pan cakes." You have a big turn-over?

P. L. (Exeter).—"When smoking a ciga after dinner, the band should be re moved." Especially if it happens to be one of those second-rate hot-jazz ones.

G. B. (Birmingham).—"Although m brother and I are in business together a masseurs, we frequently fall out." You shouldn't rub each other the wron way.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over)



Free Handkerchief with every bottle KARSOTE INHALANT

As an introductory offer, for a limited period only, we are putting a beautiful ART. SILK or FINE EGYPTIAN COTTON HANDKERCHIEF in every 1/-, 1/6d. and 2/6d. packet of Karsote (Brand) Inhalant. These handkerchiefs are identically similar with those sold in shops at from 2d. to 6d. apiece. There are over a hundred different patterns—latest 1937 designs. Plain white and coloured border handkerchiefs in the 1/- packets and Woven coloured designs in the 1/6d. and 2/6d. packets.

Now is the time to prove that Karsote will keep you free from coughs, colds and 'flu, and banish catarrh like magic. Karsote is a new scientific inhalant, containing 22 valuable ingredients, and kills the germs of common colds, coughs, catarrh etc., in half the time other inhalants take. You simply sprinkle 10 to 15 drops of Karsote on to your handkerchief and freely inhale the pleasant germicidal vapours which arise. In next to no time cough, cold or catarrh disappears. From your own chemist. Be sure to ask for "Handkerchief" packet.

DANDRUFF was checked

—hair stopped coming out

Dandruff? Be careful—that's the first sign of approaching hair starvation. And hair starvation sooner or later leads to hair falling, 'thinning on top'—and baldness. Check the trouble at the start—give your hair the natural food it is craving. Give it Silvikrin.

How Silvikrin grows hair

Silvikrin is the result of years of patient research by the famous biologist Dr. Weidner. He found that the hair's natural food (which it should get from the bloodstream) consists of fourteen distinct organic compounds. And he succeeded in putting up these fourteen, in exactly Nature's proportions, in Silvikrin. When it was submitted to doctors for testing they were enthusiastic. They *proved* that Silvikrin does grow hair—clears up dandruff, prevents hair falling, and if the root is alive, actually makes new hair grow. One of the most famous doctors who tested it was Professor Polland, the Austrian dermatologist of Graz University, whose report was sweeping in its praise, and is quoted in the booklet with every Silvikrin bottle.

Look up your hair trouble in the table on the right—see what you need—get your Silvikrin to-day.

Read Mr. Porth's letter below. His photograph above shows what Silvikrin has done for his hair.

Dear Sirs,

"I was becoming really concerned about my hair some time ago. Dandruff made it unsightly, uncomfortable—and worse, I believe it was weakening my hair. Certainly it was coming out in large quantities every time I combed my hair.

Then, thank goodness, I started using Silvikrin. Dandruff was checked—hair stopped coming out—and now I have a head of hair healthy in every way, as the enclosed photograph shows."

(Signed) S. V. PORTH,
5, West Pembroke Place,
London, W.

WHAT YOU NEED

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall.

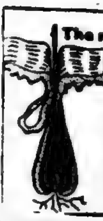
To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—

Ask for **Silvikrin Lotion.**

For severe Dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore new hair growth use the concentrated natural organic hair food.

Ask for **Pure Silvikrin.**

From chemists, hairdressers and stores.



The roots need feeding

How Silvikrin feeds hair. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out—the real root is the fibrous growth underneath. It is *this* that Silvikrin feeds.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

For a "VELVET" Shave

The "Velvet" Safety Razor
"VELVET"
Made in England
"VELVET"

COMPLETE OUTFIT WITH TWO BLADES 6D.

SOLD ONLY AT

WOOLWORTHS'

A Super Bargain

For HOUSEWIVES!

Say good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. Let the Hoover free you from this backbreaking task. Fill in and post the Coupon on p. 27 for free illustrated booklet of Hoover models obtainable on easy terms. A Hoover will make a lovely Xmas Gift!

"John Bull" Guarantee.

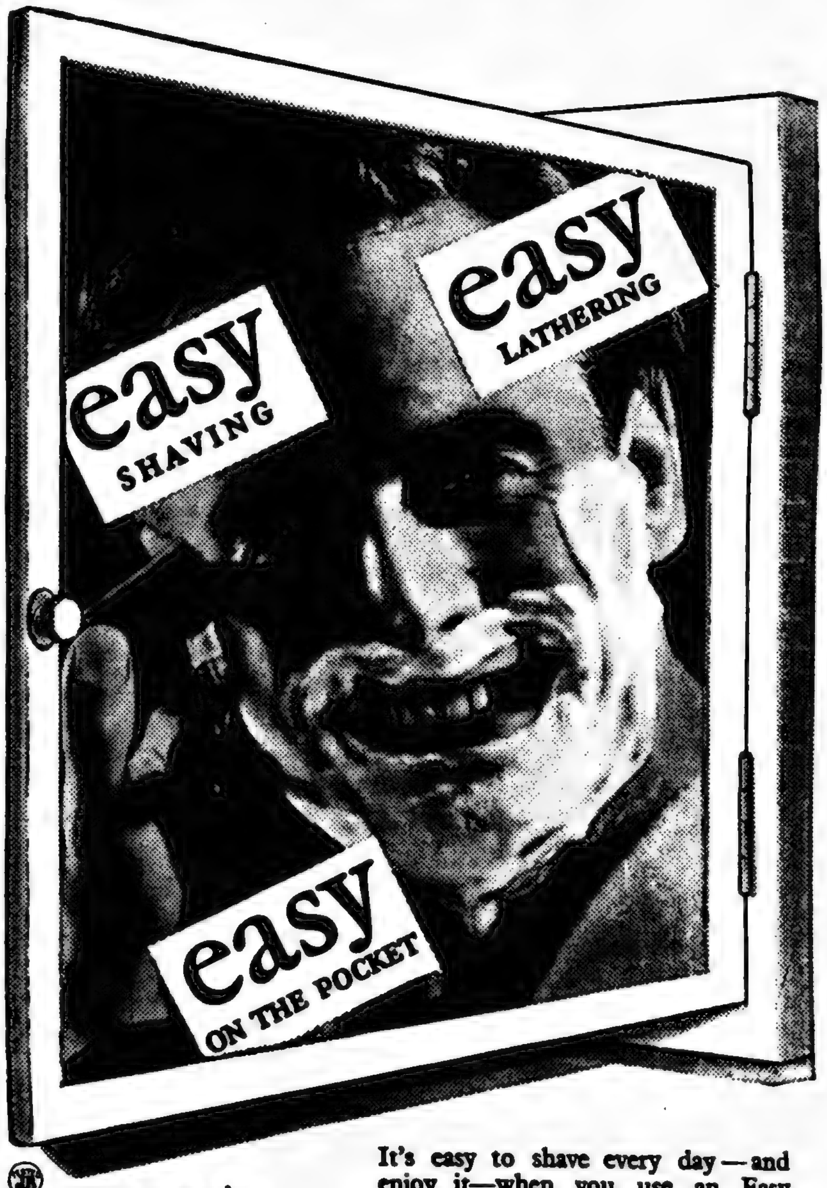
EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."



LEVER'S

Easy SHAVING STICK

It's easy to shave every day—and enjoy it—when you use an Easy Shaving Stick. Lever's Easy is economical—nothing to upset the weekly budget, for you get over a hundred smooth keen shaves for only sixpence. And the creamy, long-lasting lather keeps your skin fine and healthy too. See that an Easy Shaving Stick is on the next shopping list.

OVER 100 SHAVES FOR 6D

E 283-172-88

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

KNOWN AND USED THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

Mail by mail, orders come from every corner of the earth for Seccotine, the world's strongest and most trusted adhesive. No wonder—for it is better than any glue. It is compounded from a special formula, the same for over 50 years. In tubes everywhere 4½d., 6d., and 9d.

Free descriptive booklet from Dept. J.B.,

M'CAW STEVENSON & ORR LTD., BELFAST.

SECCOTINE

THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

Phillips' TONIC YEAST..

GUARANTEED PURE LIVE YEAST
FREE FROM DRUGS

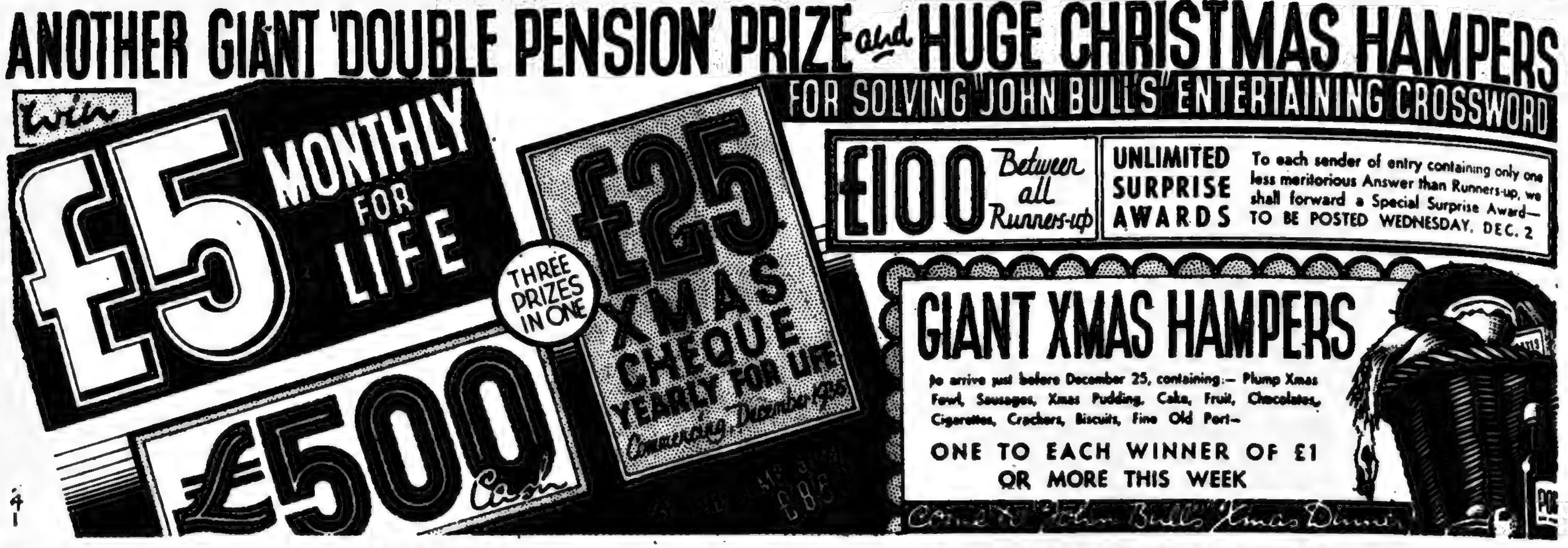
50 TABLETS 1/3
150 „ 3/-
Of all Chemists

This Life-giving Tonic restores Vitality & Youthful Vigour. It conquers Indigestion, strengthens the Nerves & clears the Skin. Ask for *PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST.*

NATURE'S GIFT to Men and Women

Gives MORE POWER and BETTER HEALTH

1/3 for 50


ANOTHER GIANT 'DOUBLE PENSION' PRIZE and HUGE CHRISTMAS HAMPERS
FOR SOLVING "JOHN BULL'S" ENTERTAINING CROSSWORD
win
£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE
THREE PRIZES IN ONE
£25 XMAS CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE Commencing December 1936
£500 Cash
£100 Between all Runners-up
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, DEC. 2
GIANT XMAS HAMPERS
to arrive just before December 25, containing:— Plump Xmas Fowl, Sausages, Xmas Pudding, Cake, Fruit, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Crackers, Biscuits, Fine Old Port—
ONE TO EACH WINNER OF £1 OR MORE THIS WEEK

PRESENTED on this page is the forty-first of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

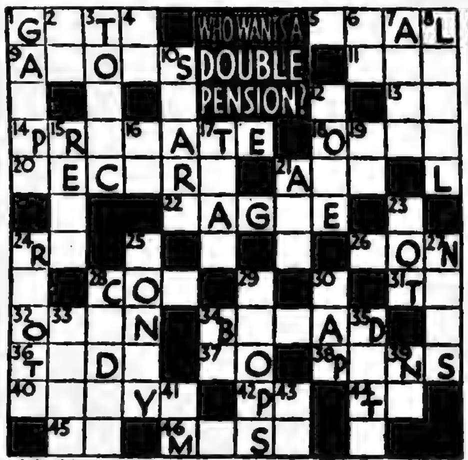
The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Litt.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

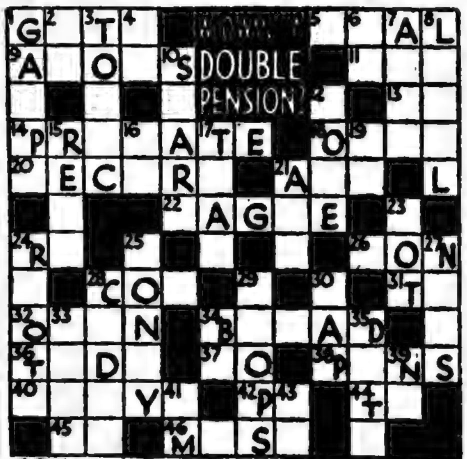
If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, December 3, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 41. Closing FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1936.



J.B.41



J.B.41

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value.........No.......................

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED ....

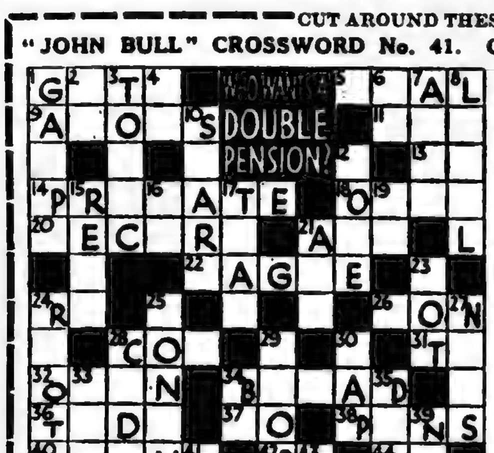
ADDRESS..

....

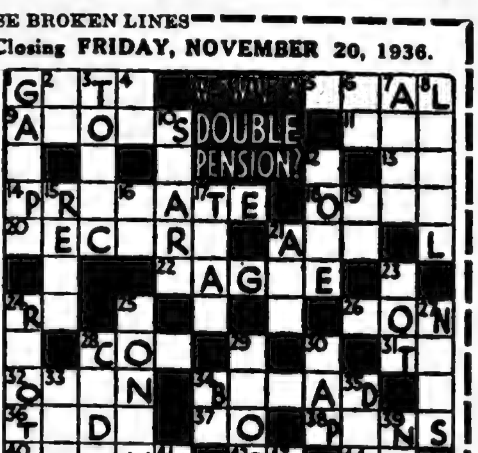
CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 41. Closing FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1936.



J.B.41



J.B.41

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value.........No.......................

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED..

ADDRESS ....

....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 41, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Friday, November 20.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry Square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

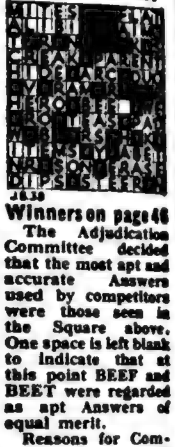
3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 3. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, December 8, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

X-WORD No. 38.


J.B.38

Winners on page 46

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above. One space is left blank to indicate that at this point BEEF and BEET were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using Reservation Form on page 47.

CLUES ACROSS

1. You generally enter a garden by this
5. Without this, you can't have much fire
9. Tiny particles
11. Woman beginning evening
13. Beginning eventually
14. Reverse of public
18. Big villain of fairy tale
20. Locked safe is this
21. Monkey that's always in papers
22. Mighty bird of prey
24. Head and tail of rabbit
26. Raising one may prove a heavy task
28. It doesn't seem natural for a modern woman to be this
31. First and last of three
32. Not shut
34. This needs careful watching as it rises
36. This ebbs and flows
37. How hero starts and finishes
38. Rashers are fried in these
40. Remains
42. Half pint in Pimlico
44. Common to potato and tomato
45. Southern Railway, shortened
46. Is seen less often in the kitchen nowadays

CLUES DOWN

1. Sudden shower often produces these
2. Bit of fat in rations
3. Warm spell in winter provides one
4. Appears twice in emblem
6. Odes with no consonants
7. Assert in palaver
8. Neither uphill nor down
10 This of poacher means less for game owner
12 Sinking man will cling to
15. Seaside landlady has to put up with less during wet holiday week
16. In revue and vulgar
17. If this is good it makes a fine gate
19. Remove rat from grate
21. Drinker's annoyed to find this is gone
23. Insertion of this will change the whole meaning of a sentence
24. In which big plant sometimes ends
25. There is generally this in well-kept hive of bees
27. Where good batting is sometimes reported
28. Wood used for cigar boxes
29. Barber administers these to some customers' heads
30. You'll sometimes see one in football crowd
33. Miners go down these to work
34. Extremities of branch
35. Upon which success of lawyer's argument may depend
39. Negative in note
41. End of spasm
43. Centre of disc

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

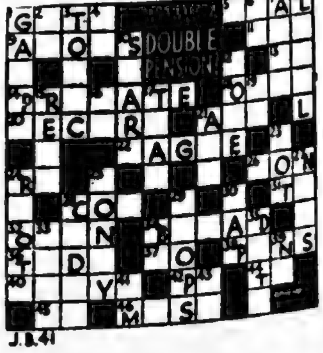
NEWS-AGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers, Newsagents.

DOUBLE PENSION?
J.B.41

DOUBLE PENSION?
J.B.41

DOUBLE PENSION?
J.B.41



J.B.41

Pain after Meals

Why live in misery? By the aid of 'Milk of Magnesia' you can enjoy and digest your next meal in comfort. It sweetens a sour, acid stomach within five minutes. Stops acute gastric pain almost instantly. What is even better, it restores the natural activity of the gastric juice, thus easing the work of the stomach and aiding the return of full digestive power.

Doctors prefer 'Milk of Magnesia' because it is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system.

For convenience, many carry 'Milk of Magnesia' in the handy Tablet form. Each Tablet equal to one teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'. A neat, flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use. Of all chemists.

MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS

MILK OF MAGNESIA
BRAND
TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Is your lavatory only half-clean?

BRUSH CAN'T CLEAN HERE
OLD WAY

ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brushwork can ever reach round the bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.

HARPIC
NEW WAY

COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe—cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

HARPIC
Cleans Completely! Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

£50 in cash prizes MUST BE WON.
Turn to p. 37 and send in your entry in this simple Contest.

WHY ENDURE RHEUMATISM

"The Patient is going steadily on, taking the Urace brand tablets with the doctor's approval."—Miss —— S.R.N., St. John's Wood. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1 From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

She was Beautiful
TILL HE HELD HER IN HIS ARMS AND THEN.. HE THOUGHT

GOSH! HOW THIN & FRAIL SHE IS— I BET SHE'S ALWAYS ILL WEAK AND TIRED-OUT!
WHAT HAPPENED! I THOUGHT WE HAD A BUDDING ROMANCE WITH YOU AND JOAN.
WELL, BILL, SHE'S SO FRAIL AND AILING—SHE'S TIRED-OUT ALL THE TIME
A MONTH LATER
MEET A NEW WOMAN, BILL—JOAN'S BEEN TAKING 'VIKELP'!
JOAN, DARLING! HAVE YOU TOLD BILL OF OUR ENGAGEMENT?

You Thin, Ill Rundown Nervous People—Correct Your IODINE, MINERAL & VITAMIN STARVED BLOOD AND GLANDS! Add extra pounds in First 10 Days!

Banish Rheumatism, Goitre, Gastritis, Constipation and Systemic Ailments — Build Rugged Strength, Tireless Energy and Calm Nerves — Without Use of Drugs — or No Cost!

All you weak, even "naturally thin," rundown and prematurely aged men and women—here's new hope, *new life!* No longer need you pine for good times, for the romance and friendship which are denied you because you are always ailing and tired out. No longer need illness sap your strength and vitality, and keep you rundown and irritable. Science has at last discovered the cause of these disorders—your blood and glands are starving for (1) food iodine, (2) the 12 life-giving minerals and (3) vitamins. These are vital to every organ of your body. Without them you *must* stay thin, pale and worn.

Feed those starving glands and blood with "VIKELP" brand HEALTH and BODY BUILDING TABLETS. Made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, "VIKELP" Tablets are the only product in the world which combines *every known mineral, food iodine and the vitamins* A, B_1, B_2, D and E found in vegetables, meat and fish (including cod and halibut liver oil)—concentrated in an easily assimilable form. Start taking "VIKELP" Tablets now! See how tired worn lines disappear from your face! See how you gain tireless new energy, calm nerves, glorious strength! See how you fill out thin, unattractive limbs with new firm flesh!

Accept this Startling "Prove It" Offer

Try "VIKELP" brand Tablets *now* for 10 days. See how your systemic ailments are relieved or cured, how well you feel and sleep, how your appetite improves! The colour will come back to your cheeks—and if you don't gain extra pounds of solid, flattering flesh, the trial is *free*. Your own doctor will approve this way.

Prices from 1/9d. to 17/6. If your dealer cannot supply you send 3/6d. for 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. JB/11/2, Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., 10 Henrietta Street, London, W.1.

HOW "VIKELP" TABLETS PRECIOUS MINERALS INCREASE WEIGHT AND IMPROVE HEALTH

Its rich supply of	*Corrects*
Iodine ..	Goitre, skinniness, low vitality, faulty metabolism, nerves.
Iron ..	Anæmia, headaches, weakness.
Copper ..	Anæmia, loss of vigour.
Calcium ..	Stomach trouble, rickets, eczema impaired teeth during pregnancy
Phosphorus	Brain fag, subnormal growth.
Sodium ..	Stomach, kidney and bladder disorders, rheumatism.
Potassium ..	Acidosis, bad heart, constipation.
Magnesium	Underweight, skin diseases.
Sulphur ..	Constipation, blood and liver disorders, nervousness.
Manganese	Anæmia, gout, general debility.

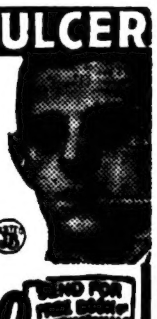
ALSO VITAMINS A, B_1, B_2, D, E

VIKELP Brand
HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

***Build Extra Pounds, New Health & Energy* by Replacing**

MINERALS—FOOD IODINE—VITAMINS in Blood & Glands

ACUTE GASTRIC ULCER



Mr. Simpson, 151, Harbottle St., South Byker, Newcastle, writes: "I feel I must tell you the great benefit I have got from Vitadatio. I had **Acute Gastric Ulcer.** I was in agony and tried all kinds of medicines without avail. My food did not digest. I felt dizzy and my knees felt as if they were giving way. I say thanks to Vitadatio, because I am a new man in every way."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The world-renowned **Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier**—has a remarkable record of successes in cases of **Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints.** If you are a sufferer—**do not despair, Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio,** it has succeeded when all else has failed.

IF YOU SUFFER, GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors', Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.), from

VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SKIN DISEASES
Amazing New Discovery

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."
(A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.

Elasto, the New Biological Remedy, acts like magic; no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send For Free Sample!

How and why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with a generous Free Sample, and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. *Now!* while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd., (Dept. 15.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

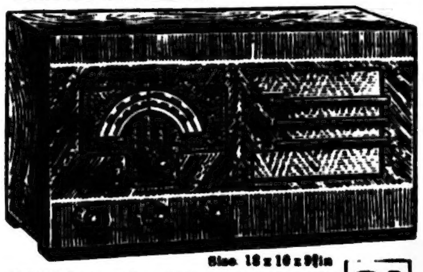
MYSTERIOUS FORCE

"Holds this face powder to your skin

The most amazing discovery since face powder was first invented. A powder with 'lectro-static affinity' for the skin. This means that the powder clings tight to the skin exactly like a needle or a piece of steel is attracted and held by a magnet. Clings tighter—*longer*—than any powder before known. The worst wind and rainy weather cannot spoil the lovely 'matt finish' complexion it gives. Never a trace of shine on nose or face—not even when dancing for hours in the hottest room. Try a box of the New Poudre Tokalon to-day—see how *different* this 'lectro-static' secret makes it.

You will be amazed and delighted with the fascinating girlish complexion Poudre Tokalon gives you. If not, your money refunded in full. 6d. and 1/- everywhere. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 T), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size 18 x 10 x 9½in

8/- Monthly

GRAVES 'V3' ALL-MAINS SET marks the biggest advance yet made in popular-price Radio. Never before has such a magnificent All Mains Receiver been offered at such a Bargain Price on terms so transparently fair. Graves Value is unequalled, and there is no better protection than the Graves Guarantee. If you have electric light, The Graves 'V-3' Receiver is the Set you should buy, for it is supreme in Quality, Value & Performance, and costs little to run.

RADIO'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

Built up entirely of British components of warranted excellence and reliability, including Iron-cored Multi wire Coils, the cores being of a new pattern and of exceptional efficiency. The Moving Coil Loud Speaker has a Nital Magnet and a new type of non ferrous chassis, the valves are: Two High Frequency Pentodes, One High Power Output Pentode, and One robust Rectifier—all of latest pattern British make. The Cabinet, as illustrated, has a Walnut veneer front with figured centre panel, beautifully grained crossbands and neat sycamore inlays. The Equipment is complete in every way, including Mains Cord and dual connector (for wall plug or lamp holder); and either Inside or Outside Aerial according to your wishes. There is nothing else to buy, the whole outfit is securely packed and sent Carriage Paid. Price **£7:12:0**

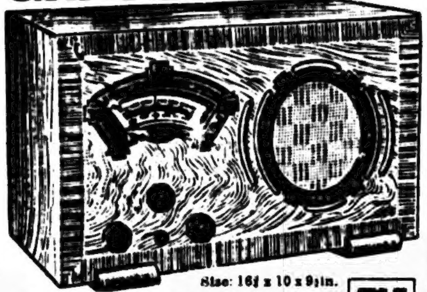
Terms: 8/- Monthly.

MOST IMPORTANT:—Nothing is added to the price for easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis: Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores: British Valves: Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker: reliable 2-volt Accumulator: Long-life H.T. Battery: Full Vision Tuning Dial: Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**

Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. S. of Liverpool, writes:—"This is my personal opinion of your S.3 Radio. I would not change it for the best Set on the market, and that is saying a lot. It has amazed all the critics, and it has amazed my wife and myself, so I am writing to give you full credit for turning out so low a consumption Radio. It is impossible to believe that a Set can consume so low a power and bring in so many stations, here are a few, Berlin, Budapest, Toulouse, Normandy, and goodness knows how many more."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey - Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/2 NOW

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FALSE TEETH

Gives Comfort and Confidence
'Nearly puts "Roots" in Dentures'

Dr. Wernet's Powder makes plates hold so firmly and comfortably that they feel natural. A slight sprinkle on the plates makes them hold firmly yet comfortably all day long. No more slipping and clicking, no more embarrassment, no more sore gums. You can talk naturally and chew thoroughly, as with natural teeth. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. Try it to-day. Of Chemists everywhere. Post Coupon for free trial sample, which will be sent in plain wrapper. Use unsealed envelope ½d. stamp.

FREE SAMPLE

Name..............................

Address..............................

....

FASSETT & JOHNSON, Ltd., (Dept. J.B. 13),
86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

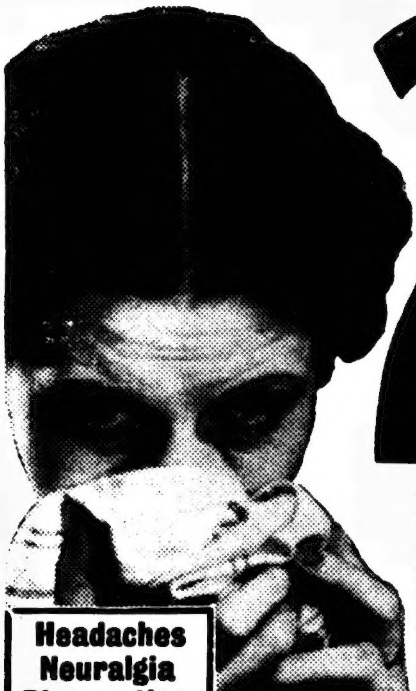
GLANDS and VIRILITY

Are properly functioning glands the secret of sparkling vitality? Scientists are agreed that decline in power and virility in a man depends on the rate in which energy is "turned up." Nervous debility, lassitude, inability to concentrate, depression, physical and mental exhaustion, from whatever cause arising, are signs of a deficiency in the system of certain vital gland-secretions. By stimulating your glands you can "put back the clock of the years" and achieve super-abundant virility, a capacity for work and play such as you have never before experienced. DOVIM (for Men) and DOVITE (for Women) Rejuvenation Tablets are a marvellous combination of the world's finest and purest glandular extracts with certain precious herbal substances from the East. Write to-day for full particulars and a free copy of a secret-revealing little book which should be read by every adult. Address: INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD., DEPT. 182, 30-42, SMEDLEY ST., LONDON, S.W.8.

Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. Unknown to you, weak Kidneys may be the real cause of your Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Bladder Trouble, Headaches, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Your life may be in danger. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new health and vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty packet. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day.



Headaches
Neuralgia
Rheumatism
Lumbago
Nerve Pains

2d

Stops COLDS CHILLS, 'FLU FEVERISHNESS

Sniff! — Sneeze!! — Eyes Burning—Head Thumping — Forehead Flushed and Feverish—Limbs like Lead —if YOU are in the throes of these symptoms, then here's the finest news you've ever read! YOU CAN STOP THAT COLD OR 'FLU FOR 2d! BEECHAMS Brand POWDERS act like magic yet they cost only 2d. EACH. BEECHAMS POWDERS are also just as wonderful for Headaches, Nerve Pains, Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Their special medicinal properties—which, for quick acting purposes are made up in special powder form—enable them to get right to the root of the pain and banish it quickly! Cartons of 8 powders 1/3—Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Beechams BRAND powders Act Like Magic

20 YEARS' WAGES Won With FOUR WORDS!

THE man with whom you see me talking here has just achieved fame and fortune, reports a JOHN BULL representative. He is Mr. R. French, 24, Clockhouse Avenue, Droylsden — and last week his name appeared on this page as the First Prize-winner in *Bullets* 24th Birthday Contest.

A fortune of £3,000 and £2 Weekly Pension from age 60 was this 35-year-old cotton worker's staggering 2-in-1 reward for his neat and telling *Bullet*, WHEN MEN ARE BROTHERS—PESSIMISM'S TURN TO "MARCH."

"I have been entering on and off for three years," Mr. French told me, "and although I have won several 'Targets,' *this is the first cash prize I have ever secured in 'Bullets.'*

"My whole life has been changed by JOHN BULL'S Competitions," he went on. "In January, 1935, after I had been two years out of work, I won £425 in Crossword No. 287. That enabled me to get a home for my wife and myself.

"I am a reed maker," he said, "employed by Messrs. Tetllous and Sons, Varley Street, Miles Platting. I am paid by the day, and the £3,000 part of my *Bullets* First Prize alone amounts to considerably more than 20 years' pay at full rates!"

"I have looked forward to this da through years of plodding," said th Second Prize-winner of £200, Mr. C. Hallam, Buxton Road, Whaley Bridg Derbyshire. His was the human and wel phrased effort, TO HELP THE CHILDREN— TWO TRY—TRUE TIE.

"I think *Bullets* is the fairest of a Competitions," were Mr. Hallam's word "That is the reason why I have stuck t it through thick and thin: I have alwa believed that there was a big prize wai ing just round the corner for a trier."

* * *

Another huge *Bullets* prize-list will soo be within the reach of triers like M Hallam, Mr. French—*and you*! One mo week and you will be starting on you efforts for our Record Christmas Offe with a mighty Fortune-plus-Pensio First Prize.

Get into training by tackling th *Examples* for this week's Contest—an your reward may well be a fine Cash-plu Radio prize or Christmas Feast.

50 "BULLETS" CHEQUES AND 250 TURKEYS AWARDE

First Prize, £500—Competition No. 1049:

Mrs. W. F. RAFFO, 17, Cambridge Gardens, Folkestone, Kent.
Example: PILING IT ON
Bullet: TAXPAYER, EVERY *Idle* SHOVEL.

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

J. DIVORTY, 45, Clarkston Road, Glasgow.
Example: Along The Road
Bullet: Named "Life," Be "Lamp-lighter"!

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

Mrs. E. G. GRAINGE, 20, Nile Street, North Shields.
Example: Man I Could Shoot
Bullet: Thickly Sings Sickly Things.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: C. H. CARTER, 19, Norton Avenue, Gabalfa, Cardiff.
In Everything—Imagined "Trap"—Became "Mouse."

£18: Mrs. K. THOMPSON, Greengates, Broomfield Road, Fixby, Huddersfield.
When She's Finished—Giving Reason, Mine's "Giving"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£16: J. H. CLEWORTH, 284, Tyldesley Road, Manchester.
Beyond Repair—Crooner's Heart—Colonel's Blood-vessel!

£14: Miss C. BRISTOWE, 24, Lorne Street, Reading.
Beyond Repair—Sorrowing Heart? Hearten Sorrowful!

£12: Miss BOTTEN, 73, Holland Road, East Ham.
Along The Road—Carefully—Long On Road.

£10: C. FRADLEY, 47, Morgan Street, St. Helens.
Out Of The Mist—Mother's Monday "Snowy Mountain."

£9 10s.: C. P. HOWDEN, 239, Wickersley Road, Rotherham.
Windy—Conditions, *Suiting* Mars' "Game."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9: M. SHAW, White Hall Hotel, Kensington Gardens Square, London, W.
Woman's Work—Easing Man's, Not Seizing.

£8 10s.: G. HOLLINGBERY, 19, Prestbury Crescent, Woodmansterne, Surrey.
Asking Too Much—"Cheap" Shops—Of *Assistants*.

£8: G. CREBER, 3, St. Paul's Road, Paignto
Man I Could Shoot—Jerrybuilder, Were Car ridges Dry!

£7 10s.: A. M. WARDELL, 200, Norwoo Beverley.
Windy—Entombed Miner—Coupon Unposted!

£7: L. BARNES, 80, Davidson Road, Croydon
Against The Government—Comedian—Prof sional Jealousy Again!

£6 10s.: E. DUNSTAN, 36, Summer Stre Sheffield.
Ignoring Her—Ignoring Him, Annoying Her!

£6: E. HARRIS, 14, Elmesthorpe Rise, Leiceste
Said The Agitator—"Two Sides? You' Biased!"

£5 10s.: T. CHILDS, 71, Perry Common Roa Birmingham.
Man I Could Shoot—Lady-killer—My "Lady Cooler.

£5: Mrs. DONOVAN, 132, Craddock Stre Cardiff.
Woman's Work—Henpeck's "Master" C *That*.

£4: F. POSTINGS, 38, Gledhall Street, S bridge.
More Powerful—When "Broken," Mother Voice.

A list of 10 £3, 20 £2 and 250 Turkey winne can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

RECORD XMAS OFFER
COMING NEXT WEEK

A colossal First Prize of £1,500 cash and £2 Weekly for Life, 100 big Shopping Cheques, the final 1,000 Xmas Feasts and unlimited Surprise Gifts—all these huge attractions have been packed into *Bullets* Record Xmas Offer to be launched in "John Bull" out next Thursday.

£3,500 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 38

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 38 the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 44) were those submitted by the following five competitors who share the £3,250 offered as First Prize:—

F. Bascombe, 17, Collins Street, Avonmouth, Bristol.
H. M. Goodale, 38, Bow Lane, London, E.C.
W. B. McDonald, Freshwater East, Lamphey, Pembs.
V. O'Callaghan, 36, Queen Anne's Grove, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.
F. J. Riches, 3, Claremont Road, Addiscombe.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £650 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, November 17, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £250 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will receive £8 18s. 7d. for each such Square. The Runners-up Prize won by each such coupon will be doubled where entrant submitted four or more coupons in one envelope. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

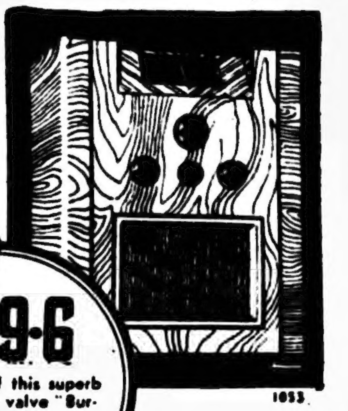
With each cash Prize one of the famous "John Bull" Christmas Hampers will be awarded.

HUGE
ONE WEEK "BULLETS" OFFER OF
XMAS CASH, RADIOS and FOWLS!

£500
PLUS XMAS RADIO

Win this fine 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE for Xmas!

Christmas brings the year's finest Radio Programmes, combining seasonable melody, mirth and interest in a feast of glorious entertainment by the listener's fireside. Yes, A Merry Christmas is assured for this week's Radio winners.



£9·19·6 is the price of this superb All-wave, four valve "Burgoyne" Radio accompanying each of 25 chief prizes this week—delivery in time for Christmas guaranteed.

FINAL RADIOS IN TIME FOR XMAS

8,549 OTHER PRIZES

£50 Plus RADIO
£25 Plus RADIO
£20 Plus RADIO
£15 Plus RADIO
£10 Plus RADIO
£9 Plus RADIO
£8 Plus RADIO
£7 Plus RADIO
£6 Plus RADIO
£5 Plus RADIO
£4 Plus RADIO
£3 Plus RADIO

12 OF £2·10s EACH PLUS RADIO

25 OF £1.—3,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS"—5,000 "STAR TARGETS"

and
500 PLUMP SURREY FOWLS
TO ARRIVE JUST BEFORE DEC. 25th.

ONE WEEK ONLY FOR THESE FINE CASH, RADIO AND XMAS PRIZES!

HEADING this week's splendid Offer of Christmas Prizes for neat *Bullets* is a fine fortune which would bring you luxuries normally far beyond your reach and a sense of security for the New Year.

Nor is that £500 cheque the only reward in store for the sender of this Contest's best *Bullet*. That entrant and each of the 24 other chief cash prize-winners will also receive a superb £9 19s. 6d. All-wave "Burgoyne" Radio. Note that this is the last batch of Radio prizes to reach winners before Christmas and that JOHN BULL guarantees their delivery in good time for the holiday festivities.

Another feature of this seasonable prize-list is a huge batch of 500 plump Surrey Fowls—and these, too, will be despatched to *Bullets* homes in good time for December 25.

You have only a few days in which to win a place amongst this Contest's 8,550 prize-winners, so start on your efforts as soon as you have read through the simple instructions below.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the list of *Examples* and write down, say, six which interest you particularly. Then, considering each of these selected *Examples* in turn, jot down against it all the comments that it suggests to your mind.

Never mind how crude these rough notes are—they may well be turned into sparkling *Bullets* with a little careful juggling with words. Each of your finished efforts, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*.

For instance, to the *Example* WHISTLING, you might at first add *Munition Workers—Will War Come?* This you could readily develop into the typical *Bullet*, WHISTLING—MUNITION WORKERS—SHELLS TO-MORROW?

Before starting on your own efforts, study closely the varied styles of the successful *Bullets* in our 1,049th Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then tackle the *Examples* without delay, for you cannot be a winner unless your entry is in the judges' hands not later than Saturday, November 21.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE 'EXAMPLES'
(Competition No. 1,053)

BUILDING UP HER STRENGTH
FACTORY OF TO-MORROW
IN SIGHT OF HOME
MAGISTRATE JOHN
GOING GAY
IN OUR TIME
SCREENED
FELL OFF
WHAT IS LUXURY?
SHARE OF THE SWAG
GETTING AWAY WITH IT
WHISTLING
CAUSE OF THE DELAY
IN CHARGE
FOLLOW THE CROWD AND "STEP ON IT!"
DOWNTRODDEN
SAID THE SNOB
LIKE GANGSTERS
IN THE EAST END
TO IMPROVE THE PARTY
SACRIFICED
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED
SHOOK HIM
QUEER CUSTOMER
WHEN AUNTIE LEARNT DANCING
PRUDENCE
IT'S COLDER NOW, SO
DOMESTIC BLISS
WORTH RECALLING
UNCONQUERABLE
STICKING IT
DESPITE OPPOSITION
WRONG NUMBER
OPENED HER EYES
FATHER'S BRAINWAVE

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ACCEPT
48
FREE PAGES
of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS
USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME..
ADDRESS..

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,053)
Closing SAT., Nov. 21.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,053)
Closing SAT., Nov. 21.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,053)
Closing SAT., Nov. 21.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ....
Address ....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,053)
Closing SAT., Nov. 21.
P.O. No. ....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ....
Address ....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,053 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £3,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No 1,048 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Heighway's, Greenside Lane, Droylsden.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,053, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

THE Happy Hewlands OF SHEPHERDS BUSH!

How "Yeast-Vite" BROUGHT HEALTH to the WHOLE FAMILY

Brand Tonic Tablets

Here are the happy Hewlands! Note their cheery smiles. The elder son was not at home when our photographer called, but we have Mr. and Mrs. Hewland's assurance that his smile is just as gay.

Mother's NERVES & INSOMNIA Father's NEURITIS *ENDED!*

◆

2 Sons Also Benefit

THE remarkable health value of "Yeast-Vite" to every member of the family is once again forcibly brought home by the grateful letter we publish below:—

READ THIS WONDERFUL LETTER!

Shepherds Bush, W.12.
21st September, 1936.

Dear Sirs,

I want to place on record the wonderful power of your Tonic Tablets. I am a waiter at a very well-known London restaurant, and three weeks ago, having just returned from my holidays, I had Neuritis very badly in my right arm. I could not get anything to ease the pain and decided at last to give "Yeast-Vite" a trial.

2 TABLETS EASED PAIN

I purchased a 1/3 bottle and the first two Tablets eased the pain and gave relief. In three days the trouble was completely gone. I did not take any more Tablets, but waited a week to see how long this restful feeling would last. The result was that I have had no return of the trouble. I have no pain and my nerves are steady and my sleep sound.

WIFE SIMPLY ASTOUNDED

In fact, to show how completely "Yeast-Vite" Tablets restored my nerves, a few days after I had taken "Yeast-Vite" I met with a slight accident. In the past this would have left me very shaky and unnerved, but instead, thanks to "Yeast-Vite," I had not even a tremor of nerves and my wife was simply astounded to find me so steady.

NOW A NEW WOMAN

Mrs. Hewland was so struck by the amazing difference in me that she decided to try YEAST-VITE herself. She has always suffered very badly from insomnia and her nerves were in such a state that she would literally "jump out of her skin" if anybody so much as spoke to her. So she took "Yeast-Vite" and the result was as striking in her case as in mine. She is now a new woman and sleeps like a child.

2 SONS NOW FIT

But that is not all. My son, aged 18 years, had a bad operation when he was 13½ and was never really very strong afterwards. He has had "Yeast-Vite" and now works 12/14 hours daily and declares he never felt better in his life. My other son, aged 11, has also had a short course of "Yeast-Vite" and he says "Dad, I feel fine and fit for anything."

Yours sincerely,
E. G. HEWLAND.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME TABLE

FROM	*TO*	*TIME*
NERVE PAINS ..	*Glorious Relief*	IN 5/15 MIN.
HEADACHES ..	*Deliverance* -	IN 5/15 MIN.
LASSITUDE ..	*Vim and Vigour*	IN 10/20 MIN.
DEPRESSION ..	*Buoyant Energy* -	IN 10/20 MIN.
" NERVES " ..	*Steadiness* - -	IN 10/20 MIN.
INDIGESTION ..	*Keen Appetite* -	IN 15/30 MIN.
EXHAUSTION ..	*Animation* - -	IN 15/30 MIN.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose* -	IN 30/60 MIN.
RHEUMATISM ..	*Pain Relief* - -	IN 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity* - -	IN 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification* - -	IN 36 HOURS

YOU NEED YEAST-VITE TOO!

The secret of Yeast-Vite's wonderful power is easy to understand. It is an accurate scientific combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ), Vitamins (especially the ALL-IMPORTANT Health-Vitamin 'B'), and other tonic and recuperative elements as prescribed by leading specialists.

It therefore supplies to the Rundown and Health-Starved System just those vital elements of Well-being which it so urgently needs . . . settles the upset stomach, soothes the jangled nerves and stops pain rapidly. "Yeast-Vite" acts in MINUTES and HOURS instead of DAYS! and WEEKS! It brings relief QUICKER . . . revives the Strength FASTER and acts as a LASTING TONIC to the whole system. Yeast-Vite is LIFE!!

JB

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

Yeast-Vite Brand

Quick Tonic Tablets. Sold Everywhere. Price 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-

T.C.B.

234 B 45

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